

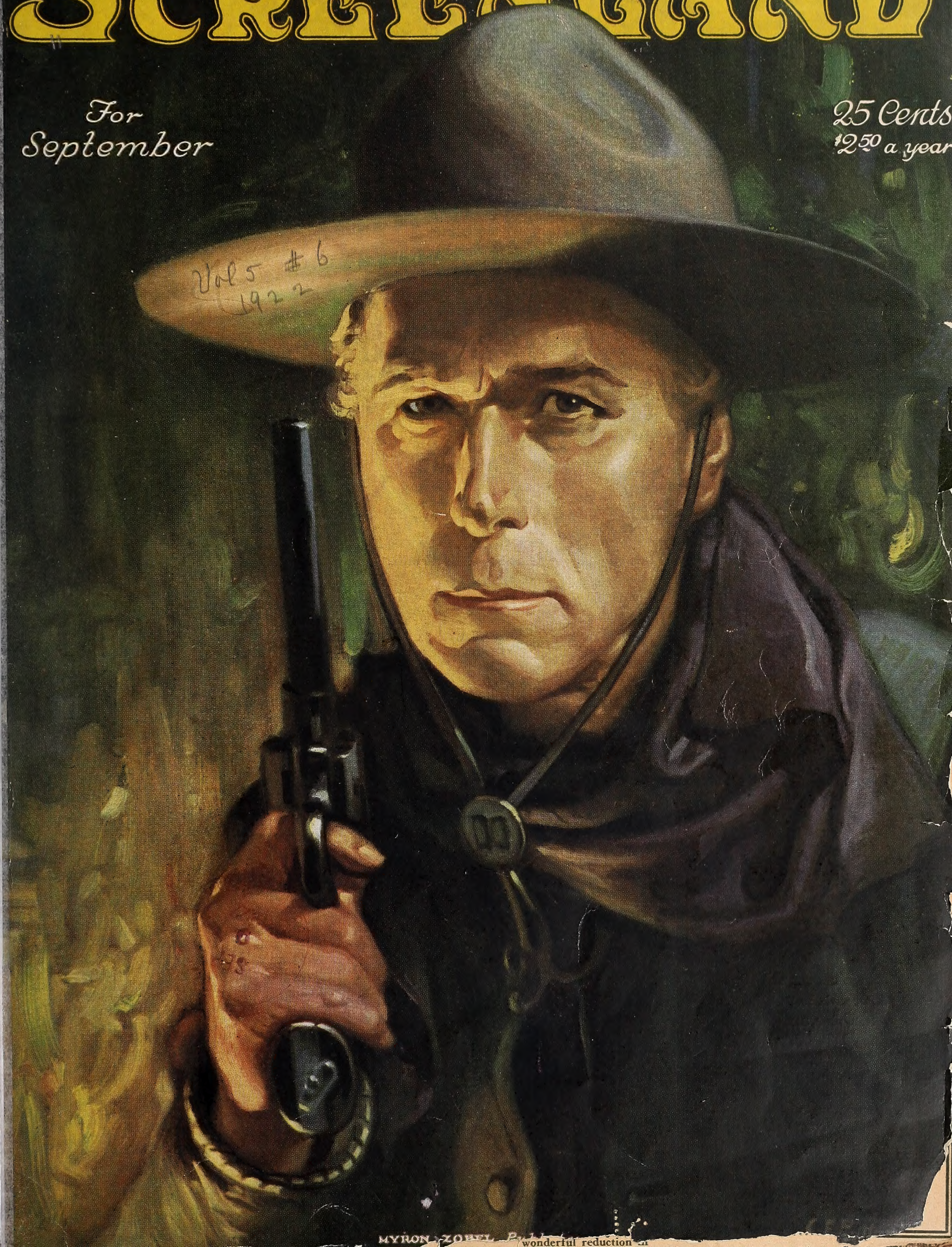
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Vol 5 # 6
1922





... "Henceforth it is the gray path of shadows and we could have been happy together and glorified the world."

HE told her of his infinite love for her; of the happiness he would fill her life with; of his plan that they should go away together when she should leave Beechleigh; of the joy of their days; of the tender care he would take of her; and every and each sentence ended with a passionate avowal of his love and devotion.

THEN a terrible temptation seized Theodora. She had never even dreamed of this ending to the situation; and it would mean no second honeymoon of loathsome hours, but a glorious fulfilment of all possible joy.

FOR one moment the whole world seemed golden with happiness."

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WE have a copy of this book for you. By special arrangement with Madame Glyn's American publishers, SCREENLAND has secured for its subscribers a limited number of *Beyond the Rocks*. This new edition, just off the press, is illustrated from the photo-play of the same name, featuring Rodolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson!

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Why Some People Are Never At Ease Among Strangers

PEOPLE of culture can be recognized at once. They are calm, well-poised. They have a certain dignity about them, a certain calm assurance which makes people respect them. It is because they know exactly what to do and say on every occasion that they are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people and yet be entirely at ease.

But there are some people who are never at ease among strangers. Because they do not know the right thing to do at the right time, they are awkward, self-conscious. They are afraid to accept invitations because they do not know what to wear, how to acknowledge introductions, how to make people like them. They are timid in the presence of celebrated people because they do not know when to rise and when to remain seated, when to speak and when to remain silent, when to offer one's chair and when not to. They are always uncomfortable and embarrassed when they are in the company of cultured men and women.

It is only by knowing definitely, without the slightest doubt, what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions under all conditions, that one is able to be dignified, charming and well-poised at all times.

How Etiquette Gives Charm and Poise

Etiquette means good manners. It means knowing what to do at the right time, what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America and which serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

People with good manners, therefore, are people whose poise and dignity impress you immediately with a certain awe, a certain respect. Etiquette makes them graceful, confident. It enables them to mingle with the most cultured people and be perfectly at ease. It takes away their self-consciousness, their timidity. By knowing what is expected of them, what is the correct thing to do and say they become calm, dignified and well-poised—and they are welcomed and admired in the highest circles of society.

Way

Do You Know

How to introduce men and women correctly?

How to word invitations, announcements, acknowledgments?

How to register at a hotel?

How to take a taxi?

How to

There are other problems, too—many of them. Should the man rise when he accepts a cup of tea from the hostess? Should he thank her? Who should be served first? What should the guest do with the cup when he or she has finished with the tea? Is it good form to accept a second cup? What is the secret of creating conversation and making people find you pleasant and agreeable?

It is so easy to commit embarrassing blunders, so easy to do what is wrong. But etiquette tells us just what is expected of us and guards us from all humiliation and discomfort.

Etiquette in Public

Here are some questions which will help you find out just how much *you* know about the etiquette that must be observed among strangers. See how many of them you can answer.

When a man and woman enter the theatre together, who walks first down the aisle? When the usher points out the seats, does the man enter first or the woman? May a man leave a woman alone during intermission?

There is nothing that so quickly reveals one's true station and breeding than awkward, poor manners at the table. Should the knife be held in the left hand or the right? Should olives be eaten with the finger or with a fork? How is lettuce eaten? What is the correct and cultured way to eat corn on the cob? Are the finger-tips of both hands placed into the finger-bowl at once, or just one at a time?

When a man walks in the street with two women does he walk between them or next to the curb? Who enters the street first, the man or the woman? When

tip his hat
casualties in
form
wo
or



Many embarrassing blunders can be made in a public restaurant. Should the young lady in the picture pick up the fork or let it for the waiter to attend to? Or should one of the men pick it up?

weddings, parties and all social engagements. There are interesting chapters on correspondence, invitations, calls and cards. New chapters on the etiquette of foreign countries have been added, and many helpful hints to the man who travels.

With the Book of Etiquette to guide there can be no mistakes, no embarrassment. One knows exactly what is correct and what is incorrect. And by knowing so definitely that one is perfect in the art of etiquette, confident poise is developed which enables one to appear in the most elaborate drawing room, among the most brilliant and cultured people, without feeling the least ill at ease.

Send No Money

To enable everyone, everywhere, to examine the Book of Etiquette, without obligation, we make it possible to send the complete two-volume work to anyone requesting it. Entirely free of charge. All you need is your name and address.

Would You Like to Be a Borrowed Bride?

LEIGH GORDON GILTNER, in "*The Shock Absorber*," has written a story of a young husband who needed a wife to convince his mother and father that he was a dignified married man. His real bride was elsewhere, getting a divorce. Complicated situation, is it not?

Much Funnier than "Pigs Is Pigs"

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER has written a story entitled "*Use Common Sense*," which is more laughable than the guinea pig story upon which Mr. Butler's reputation as a humorist rests. That his latest is his best is hard to believe, is it not?

Do You Want Rough Stuff? Here It Is!

WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT has done his best novel in "*The Land of Turmoil*." It combines humor, conflict, and dramatic love from start to finish. Good? Oh, very good! And what is more, most of the real action takes place right in New York among the underworld denizens.

Also Eleven Short Stories by

Elisabeth Sanxay Holding
George Allan England
Mella Russell McCallum
Elmer Brown Mason
Louise Kennedy Mabie

John D. Swain
Robert T. Shannon
H. Bedford-Jones
William Merriam Rouse
L. Burton Blades

BUR-
er and

Tomorrow

WITH APOLOGIES TO NO ONE.

(Copyright, 1922)

RELEASING a motion picture film is launching a ship; except that the shipbuilder is usually sure that his craft will float; while no producer is ever sure that his picture will be a success.

The success of a picture is determined, of course, by the amount of money that it makes—not by its artistic merit or the judgment of discriminating critics. And the unhappy fact exists in Hollywood that good pictures make poor or no money just as often as poor pictures make good money. For those who carp at the obvious faults and shortcomings of the screen, let us discuss a chart of picture earnings—a chart maintained by one of the biggest producing and distributing organizations.

ONE of the greatest directors in America was engaged, several months ago, to screen one of the most beautiful sentimental dramas. An eminent star was cast in the leading role. No limits were placed on the scenic investiture and technical detail. The result was a photoplay of surpassing beauty. It was heralded as one of the greatest motion pictures—by the critics. But the crowds who register their sentiments at the box office were not so enthused. They turned the play down cold. Now, the accounting department will tell you that it is a "flop."

AT the same time that this master picture was made, another cheap, boisterous, banal story was rotted onto a defenseless strip of celluloid and many prints of the same were distributed among first-class theatres. This monstrosity drew happy families from their firesides throughout the United States and it is still going big. It has made money. It is a "knockout," they will tell you at the accounting department.

THERE are loud-mouthed, mallet-headed sophists who yell that the Motion Picture is bad because the producers are so ignorant, sensual, mercenary, weak-minded and short-sighted. But these producers (these same panderers to the low public taste!) would be grinding out art, philosophy, drama and intellectuality by the reel, tomorrow, if that tricky fellow, Mr. Public, would slide his dollars across the plate glass counter of the box office for it. The really surprising thing about it all is that the picturemakers have made any films of artistic worth. Griffith, leader of them all, has squandered thousands in altruistic efforts to entertain his own cultured ego and playgoers at the same time. The level of public taste has been overshadowed just as often as it has been underestimated.

ED story structure

Loses 74 Pounds

Feels and Looks Like a New Woman

Amazing Discovery Enables Mrs. Denneny to Lose 10 Pounds the Very First Week. She Has Lost 74 Pounds Already and Is Still Reducing. No Drugs, Starving, Exercise, Rolling, Painful Self-Denials or Discomforts.

"I WEIGHED 240 pounds. I had tried all kinds of anti-fat cures without success. Then one Sunday I saw your advertisement. It sounded so good that I sent for the books.

"The very first week I lost 10 pounds and kept reducing steadily. I lost 74 pounds and am still reducing. My friends say that I already look 10 years younger.

"Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. But now I can RUN upstairs. Formerly I felt as if I were suffocating if I walked fast for 2 blocks. But now I can walk a mile just as fast as I can go and without the least sign of suffocation.

"I never felt better in my life. There is not a sign of my former indigestion now. I sleep like a rock. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before, I was always bothered with pimples.

"I have reduced my bust 7½ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear smaller shoes now. They were 'sixes,' now they are 'fives.'" Mrs. Mary Denneny, 82 West 9th Street, Bayonne, N. J.

Mrs. Denneny's experience is but one of many similar ones. Within the last few months over 300,000 men and women have been shown how to reduce to normal weight and secure the slender, supple figures of youth by this pleasant method.

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual.

Secure New Vigor Also

This natural method also builds your health and gives you renewed vitality and energy.

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"Hurrah! I've lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I feel better than I have for months."

Mrs. Geo. Guiterman,
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Loses 28 Pounds in 30 Days

"I found your method delightful. In just 30 days I lost 28 pounds (8 pounds less than I weighed when I started). My general health is better than it has been for years."

You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye and a more elastic step. Many write that they have been astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed could not be effaced. Your nerves are improved and your sleep is more refreshing. You regain youthful vigor and spirits as well as a youthful form.

And you obtain all this without any discomforts or self-denial. You make no change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like and to eat the food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you may even increase them.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal, they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into 12 easy-to-follow lessons called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." Lessons one and two show you how to reduce slowly; the others show how to reduce more rapidly. To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course on free trial to any one sending in the coupon.

If you act quickly you can take advantage of a special reduced price offer that is being made for a short time only. All you need do is to mail the coupon—or write a letter or postcard if you prefer—without sending a penny, and the course will be sent you at once, IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

When it arrives pay the postman the special price of only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) and the course is yours. The regular price of the course is \$3.50, but \$1.97 is all you have to pay while this special offer is in existence. There are no further payments. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may return it at any time, but this is not necessary.)

Either you experience a wonderful reduction in weight or you get your money back.



Mrs. Mary J. Denneny, of 82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J., before and after losing 74 pounds by this wonderful method. She also banished nervousness, weakness, insomnia and digestive disorders. Her complexion improved wonderfully. She is still reducing and will continue to do so until she reaches her normal, ideal weight.

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If you prefer you may copy wording of coupon in a letter or on postcard.

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Without money in advance you may send me plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's \$3.50 Course "Weight Control—The Basis of Health," in lessons. When it is in my hands I will pay postman only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage full payment, and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting this special reduced price, I retain the privilege returning this course within 10 days, and have my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be sole judge.

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WRITERS

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complexion every day. For the preparations and treatments that benefit another may be entirely unsuited to your skin.

But the interesting and surprising thing is this: If you do know what type of skin yours is, and if you use the treatment especially designed for it, you can make such an improvement in it as would seem almost too good to be true. You can see it suddenly transform to clear, fresh, radiant beauty!



Which Is Your Type of Skin?

Three Types Oily Skin



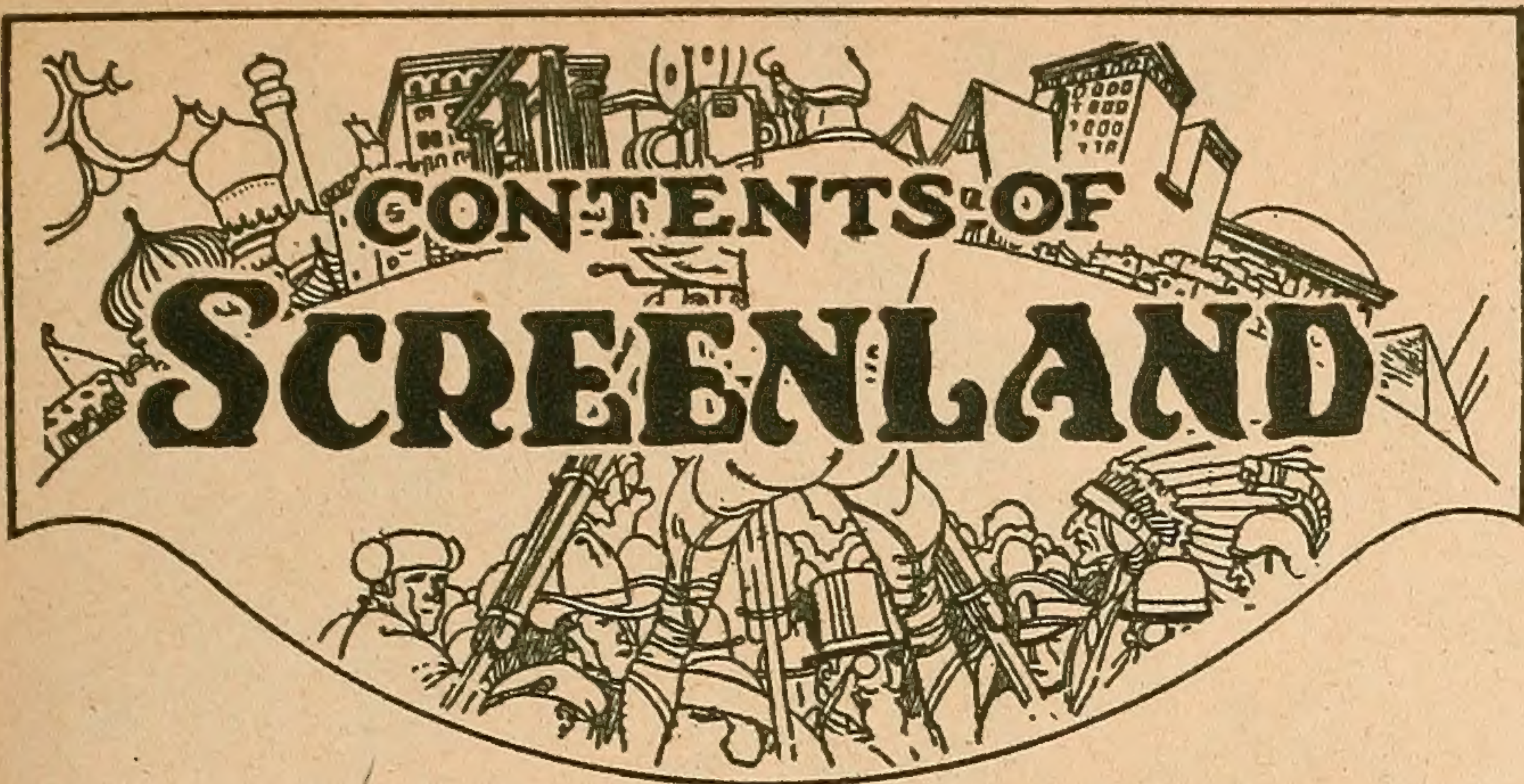
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Vol. V

No. 6

SEPTEMBER ISSUE—1922

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SYL. MacDOWELL, Associate Editor

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—from Stendahl Galleries, Los Angeles

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Could You Write a Letter as Good as This One?

THE following is one of the descriptions of Hollywood sent to the Essay Editor in the contest announced on Page 20 of this issue. SCREENLAND has paid the writer five cents a word to publish this letter. The Essay Contest is now at an end, but every month in SCREENLAND you will find many contests of many sorts which may bring you an expected check. Another essay will appear in SCREENLAND for October.

MY IDEA OF HOLLYWOOD

By MRS. J. L. RICE,
5322 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NOONTIME in Hollywood! I would stand near Frank's Cafe (which I have heard is the noontime rendezvous of the great and near-great of filmdom). I imagine that I would see a few extras strolling around, eager to be noticed. I would probably look in vain for the familiar faces of stars I have always longed to meet. Where is Rodolph Valentino? Why don't I see him posing on Hollywood's busiest corner? I would wait around an hour or two, but would leave, disappointed. Somehow the stars have failed me. I have seen only tourists, all bent on a "star hunt."

* * *

The Boulevard is lined with cafeterias, open grocery stores where one is delighted by all manner of fresh fruits and vegetables on display, two or three churches, bustling stores and offices, automobile show rooms, but, alas, where are the stars I have always dreamed of as promenading the avenue or whirling by in huge, flashy cars of expensive make? I probably would see several brightly-painted cars, but they would not belong to the really great stars. Cars purchased on the installment plan by actors and actresses who strive to live up to the tourists' idea of their wealth and magnificence.

* * *

Night in Hollywood! I would visit the three or four hotels and cafes where the motion picture people are believed to congregate. My search is rewarded. I see a famous star and her husband decorously dining, as properly and unostentatiously as any prosaic married couple! I hear the dainty lady laughingly explain to a friend that their cook left to get married. Just like anyone's cook might do!

The streets and homes of Hollywood I imagine are lovely as befits the pretty little town. Spanish and Moorish and Colonial bungalows, set in beautiful green lawns, adorned with flowers, with here and there, no doubt, more pretentious homes, belonging to some retired capitalist from Kokomo or Peoria.

* * *

I imagine that I, as well as millions of other fans, would be disappointed in Hollywood. Is it a busy, happy little city, or is it a huge den of unrestricted vice? I am inclined to believe that the former is the real truth.

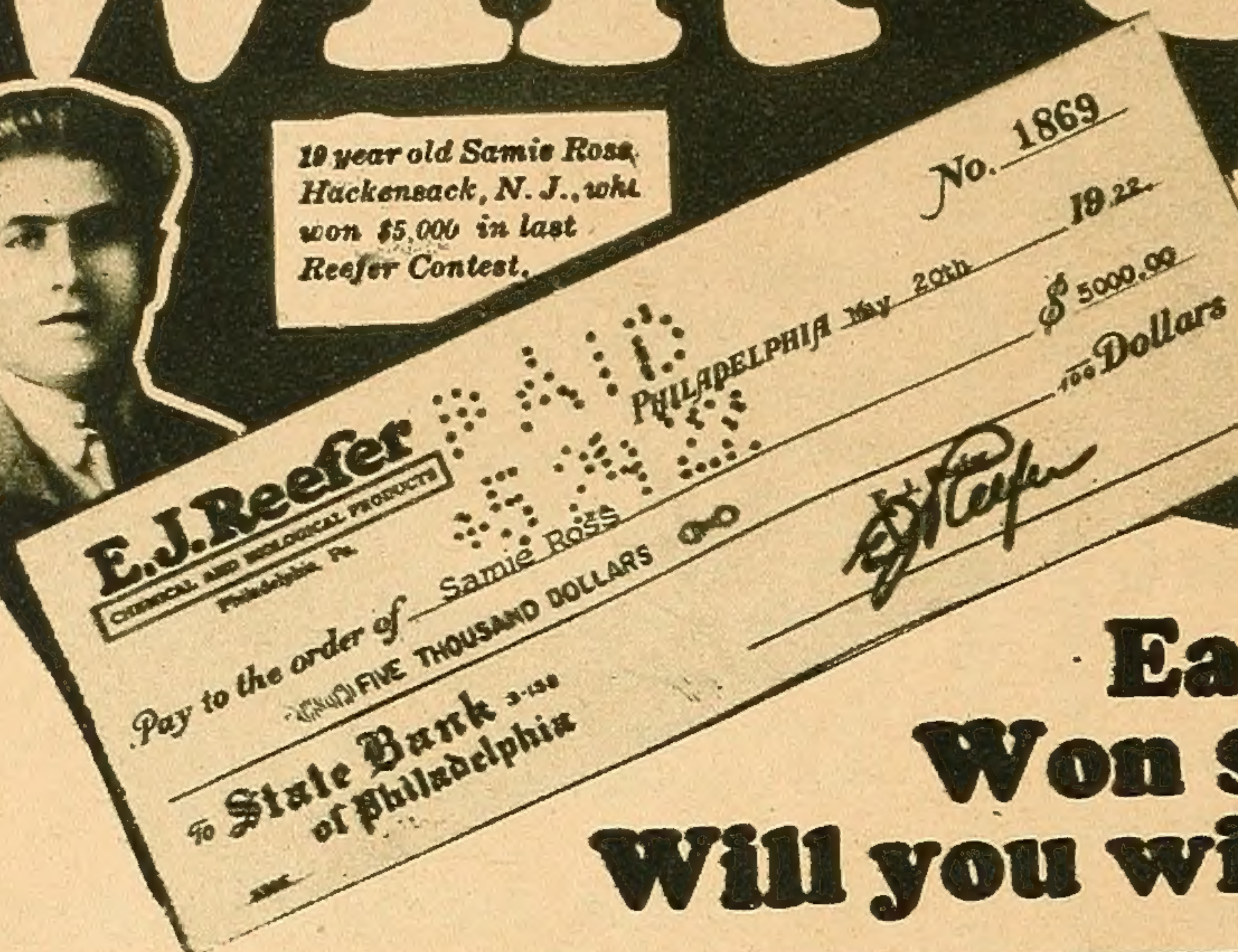
Win \$5,000



19 year old Samie Ross, Hackensack, N. J., who won \$5,000 in last Reefer Contest.



Mrs. B. R. Young of Girard, Pa., is another winner of a \$5,000 contest prize.



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6th to 55th prizes, each	2	4	8	25
56th to 105th prizes, each	1	2	4	10

OBSERVE THESE RULES

- Any one excepting your employees and their relatives may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind.
- All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and envelopes must be postmarked by post office closing time, Nov. 15th, 1922.
- Contestants who have sent lists or orders before Nov. 15th will be qualified for the higher prizes provided orders for Yeast are received through the mail, postmarked on or before Nov. 30th.
- Only English words will be counted. Obsolete, hyphenated or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or plural of a word will be used, but both singular and plural will not count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, teapot, or testime will not count. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.
- The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "R" will receive first prize, and so on down the list of 105 prizes. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being in "correct" or "master" list.
- For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.
- Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.
- If a contestant sends us more than one list under an assumed name or pen-name, then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified.
- You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive rotation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. It will aid the judges materially if you will arrange your words alphabetically, and if you will use paper size about 6 in. by 9 in. Failure to do so, however, will not count against you, nor will neatness or handwriting affect your score. Typewrite your list, if possible. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.
- The final decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection whatever with the E. J. Reefer Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering this contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the list winning first prize and the names of the prize winners will be published, and a copy of such list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
- An additional prize of not over \$600 for promptness, as specified above, will be awarded.
- In case of ties for any prize offered, each trying contestant will receive full amount of the prize so tied for.

No goods bought in this contest are subjected to exchange, refund or approval.

And besides there are 104 other big cash prizes. Second prize in column 4 is \$2,500. Third prize \$1,250, etc. Just think of it — 105 chances for you to win.

\$600 Extra for Promptness

The last day for mailing your solution to win any of the above prizes is November 15th, 1922. But for every day ahead of that date that your order for goods is received, a special extra prize of \$10 for each day will be added to any first prize you win. You can send your order today and get a receipt for the money. Then any time before November 15th you can qualify this order by sending in your solution. \$600 extra is to be awarded in this manner for promptness. Try to get this extra \$600. In case of ties, duplicates will also be awarded.

Win All You Can! Be sure to send your order for \$5 worth of Yeast Tablets if you wish to qualify your list of words for the \$5,000 first prize and the other prizes in the 4th column of the prize list. Don't delay sending in your order. Get the extra prize for promptness. Send your order today.

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There is Road, Rake, Rope. How many more can you find? Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is! Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn the picture upside down. This is a game of skill. Effort will help you win.

Costs Nothing to Try!

Just send in your list of "R" words. If the judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "R", they will award you first prize. If your list is the second best list, they will award you second prize, etc. Get started **RIGHT NOW!**

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(See column 1 of prize list)

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(See 2nd column of prize list)

If you order two \$1 packages and your list wins first prize, you get **\$1,500**

(See 3rd column of prize list)

And if you order five \$1 packages, and you are awarded first prize, you get . . . **\$5,000**

(See 4th column of prize list)



SCREENLAND

The EDITORS' PAGE

MYRON ZOBEL
EDITOR

SYL. MacDOWELL
ASSOC. EDITOR

THE TOGA VIRILIS

WHEN the Roman youth had reached the age of reason, as a sign of his recently acquired manhood, he donned the Toga Virilis.

The movies are about at the same stage. So over-awed have they been in the past ten years with the fifty-odd million people who go to the movies that they have failed utterly to remember the seventy-odd million who stay away.

And now, apparently, the industry is about to don the Toga Virilis, by appealing to the mature mind. Producers are at last becoming conscious of the millions who have ignored the movies and are beginning to reach out for them.

The movies are getting out of the kindergarten class and the grammar school class and into the universities. Intelligent followers of the cinema are also being graduated into higher branches of the Art. It is necessary for them to have a screen magazine to serve them as a cinema college education.

Screenland will serve this purpose. It is not our object to pander to the fatuous fancies and petty passions of infantile minds. The readers of this magazine are supposed to have passed the primary stages of their motion picture education—ready now to accept the screen as an established Art. We are striving to prove to them that their Faith and Confidence in this Art have not been misdirected.

SELF-RESPECT

SELF-RESPECT is the first quality a man needs and the last one he acquires. It is the same with motion pictures. Realization of their own dignity has just begun to follow now after a ten-year realization of their own importance.

Self-respect is as essential to a motion picture magazine as it is to a literary magazine. No literary magazine would dream of deliberately publishing untruths, reprinting old photographs and calling them new, twisting the facts from left to right to suit its purpose. But to motion picture magazines of the past ten years, these trifling vulgarities have been very common. The same stories—sent out in mimeographed form from one central office—were reprinted with slight changes in every one of the so-called motion picture magazines. The same pictures appeared in all of them. There was no effort at originality, vitality or creative force.

The time has come for dignity and self-

respect in motion picture magazines as well as in the movies.

MORE THEATRES

EVERYBODY does not read the same books or attend the same theatres. There is no reason why everyone should be obliged to attend the same picture house.

There is no harm in the movies catering to the masses if they will but remember that they are not all massed together in regard to tastes. There are masses who like a little subtlety, delicacy and restraint mixed with their photodrama. And these masses—about ten million strong—deserve a theatre of their own.

The children deserve a theatre of their own and here the censor can wield his shears with full authority.

There should be a Little Theatre of the Movies, too, where experimental pictures are shown for the million or two who enjoy them. The legitimate theatres are existing on the patronage of less than a million. Books are published to be read by tens of thousands. Why must the motion pictures depend upon the fifty millions that they are failing even now to interest?

The movies have not bitten off more than they can chew but the public has. And they can't go on eating raw meat forever when there are delicacies to be found in other fields. It is up to the movies to provide these delicacies in theatres devoted to that purpose.

TWO BROTHERS

WONDROUS are the ways of the censor. On one set in a certain studio a director, famed for the subtlety and delicacy of his stories, films a scene in which the comic character of the play helps himself to three cigars in the home of his brother-in-law. This scene is duly expurgated by the censor as inciting to theft.

In the same studio on a neighboring set, a brother of the same director is spending ten thousand dollars a day to film a Roman orgy. No censor's scissors will delete this spectacle. It represents a "vision" out of history.

Moral: Life today is vicious, history is not. If you want to put a kick in your picture, make believe it does not exist in life as it is lived today.

Lights! Action! Camera!

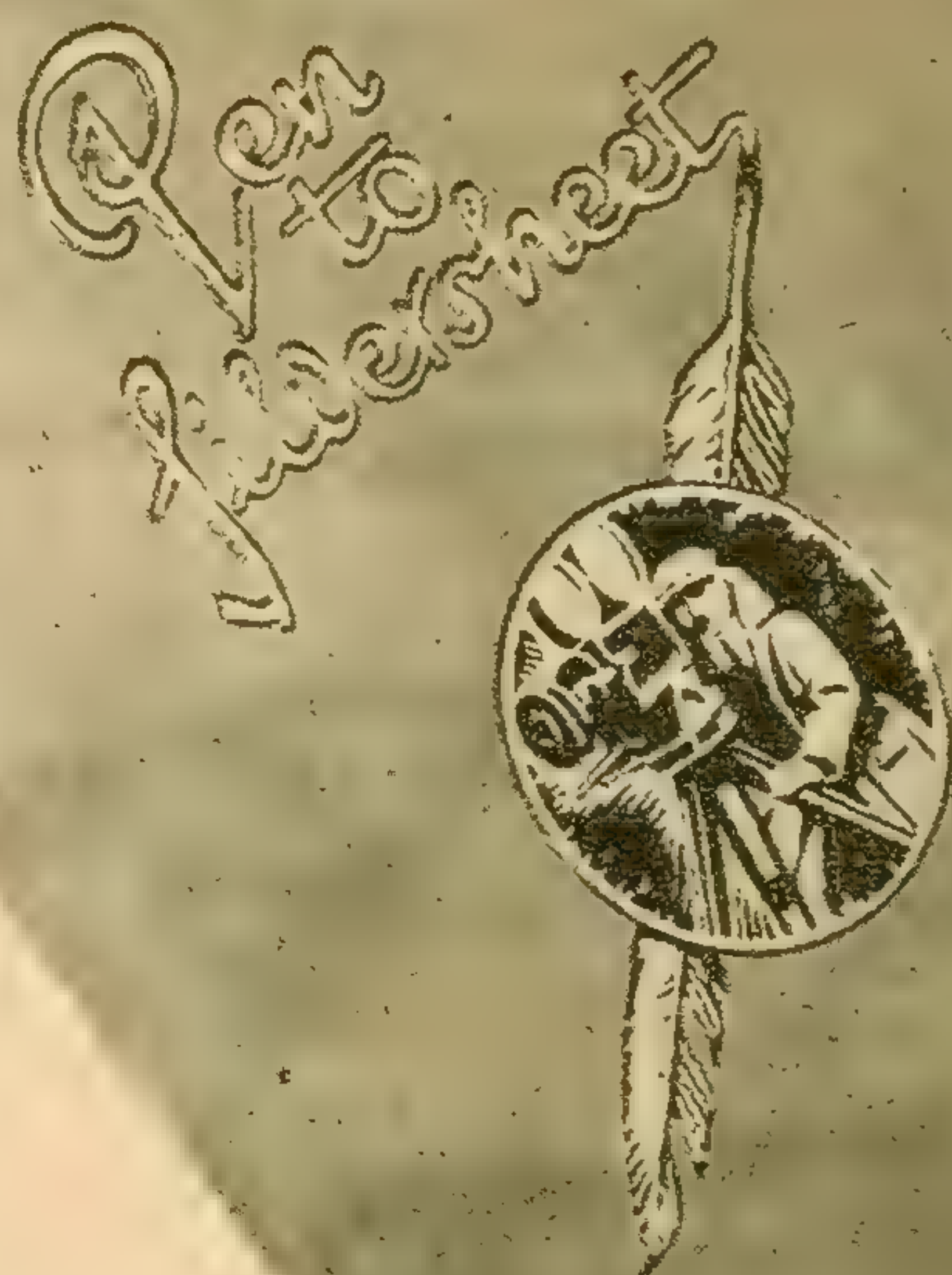
Would You Know the Significance of This Command in Studio Parlance?

Make This Fascinating Journey
from

"Pen to Silversheet"

By MELVIN M. RIDDLE

Author of "Behind the Camera With Elinor Glyn"



DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

How characters are cast for pictures; the qualifications for the successful actor and actress; the problem of the "extra player"?

How film scenarios are written and prepared for screen production?

The proper way to portray a screen role, as told by Conrad Nagel and other popular stars?

How to apply the most intricate screen make-up; the various kinds of make-up and how they are applied for character parts?

All about the mammoth studio wardrobes and fashion shops where gorgeous gowns are designed and made for feminine stars?

A FEW CHAPTERS

The Story and Scenario
Construction of Settings
The Plaster Shop
Studio Research
Costuming the Players
Filmland's Fashion Shops
Properties
Property Making and Effects
Casting the Characters
Screen Make-up
Hunting Locations
Art of Direction
Screen Portrayal
Cinematography
Lighting and Effects
Film Laboratory
Titling and Editing
Studio Exploitation
Distribution
Theatre Presentation

How locations are hunted out for screen back-grounds and how the companies lived out on the desert during the filming of *The Shiek*?

The mysteries and secrets of the motion picture camera; all about long shots, medium shots, close-ups and dissolves, etc.?

All about lighting effects that make pictures possible?

The girl or man who hopes to get into pictures, the aspiring scenario writer and the legion of fans who "want to know" what goes on around the sets and on location will find this fascinating and instructive book what they have long been waiting for. Those who have enjoyed Melvin Riddle's articles, *Behind the Camera With Elinor Glyn*, now running in SCREENLAND, will be anxious to own these further revelations of studio life.

Perhaps your scenarios have been coming back from the studios, unsold. Probably your material is good. But a lack of knowledge of how pictures are made and what is vital to a good picture may be keeping your stories from selling.

Of course you'll want this book. But you will have to act quickly, for the limited edition of "Pen to Silversheet" will soon be exhausted. The price is only \$1.00. Take advantage of this big offer now. *Don't wait!* Clip the attached coupon and mail TODAY!

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Gentlemen:

I enclose \$1.00 (check, money order, stamps) for which please ship immediately one copy of "Pen to Silversheet."

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Little

SCREENLAND

*Personal
Studies*



Here with a dog-eared script beneath the
Bough
Of a Hollywood pepper tree, I allow
I've fared worse than in this Wilderness—
A loaf of bread? Nay, every week Two
Thou!

*Costume study of Guy Bates Post as "Omar,
the Tentmaker." Insert, Virginia Faire.*



The two champion smilers of Hollywood are named Douglas.
This young fellow MacLean can't be serious for more than fifty
feet at a time.

Screen
land



This is the MAID MARION of Fairbank's ROBIN HOOD. You no doubt recognize her, despite the medieval costume, as Enid Bennett.



Lois Wilson is "the sort of a girl you want to know" in so many Paramount dramas that you feel that you really do.

Portrait by Donald Biddle Keyes.





Introducing Mrs. Robinson Crusoe! In other words, Margaret Livingston is the heroine in Universal's modernized version of the Defoe classic.

Portrait by Edwin Bower Hesser.

Screen
land

ANYBODY who has heard Douglas Fairbanks spout Shakespeare is perfectly willing to admit that the resilient young man must have been a great help to Frederick Warde and Louis James when he supported them in classic repertoire. But anybody who has heard him sing will not so easily believe that he once earned his living by singing. Yet he did.

Douglas, as his wife calls him, Doug, as he is called by plenty of people who don't know him so well as she does, went to the mat with music in *Fantana*, a musical comedy, and part of one of the lyrics he gargled ran something like this:

"You ask me why I love you

"And I say I do not know;

"Ask the twinkling stars above you

"While they smile upon you so."

IT'S a pretty thing, but no prettier than the dance steps that went with it, steps which Doug's pal, Charlie Chaplin, who danced on the stage in England before he came to this country as one of the members of a vaudeville act, might have envied. As for the singing, the management of *Fantana* let Doug do it all by himself; while the management of the musical comedies in which Eugene O'Brien used to appear never let him sing unless the rest of the chorus sang with him. Lon Chaney's managers were not so particular. They permitted him to dance alone as a dancing comedian, although when he was a stage hand he was surrounded by a strong supporting company. Too bad he didn't have Francis X. Bushman or Bull Montana in it. They were wrestlers who could have subdued any scenery. One of them was also an artist's model.

BILL HART first tasted grease paint and scenery when he was nineteen. This daddy of all western stars was born in the frontier town of Newburgh, N. Y. His early years were almost as wild and woolly as were those of Harry Carey, who was born in New York City and who was a practicing lawyer before he became a western star. Tom Mix comes from Driftwood, Pa., which metropolis probably numbers among its citizens no more two-gun men than does Jacksonville, Ill., where Charley Ray was a clerk in his papa's drug store. Lew Cody also had a pharmaceutical sire, but Douglas MacLean's father was a clergyman and young Doug sold automobiles.

Wally Reid studied medicine and then was a reporter for an automobile magazine. Later he took up the saxophone and is the undisputed moving picture champion of that instrument of torture. If he wanted to, he could play well enough to accompany Rudy Valentino's dancing. If he wanted to.

VALENTINO is not, and never has been, the lounge lizard the envious have called him. His is an excellent Italian family and he came to this country to study agriculture. His English was not as good as his intentions and he had tough going in New York. Lefty Flynn, once a Yale football star and now a moving picture star, was one of his first friends. Rudy danced in vaudeville theatres and then at Rector's. He was an extra at Universal where his salary rose to seventy-five dollars a week. Rose and stuck. He got it for playing the lead in a Carmel Myers picture and he did not get any more until *The Four Horsemen* made him.

Before von Stroheim became an assistant director for Griffith he was broke in New York. But he always had a fairly good place to eat. His best friend, a man with whom he had served in the Austrian army, managed Delmonico's and there was always a place at the table for Erich.

HOUSE PETERS cooked his own food when he was a prospector in South Africa, where J. P. McGowan was almost killed in the Boer war. At that, neither Peters nor McGowan took any more chances than did Roy Stewart's father, who in the early days maintained what law and order was maintained in Hangtown when that lively settlement was the toughest town in California. It was a town in which Stuart Holmes and Monroe Salisbury would have found it hard to make a living. They were artists. Larry Semon wasn't exactly an artist. He was a cartoonist in New York. Robert Ellis, May Allison's husband, was a reporter in the same city and Ward Crane worked there as secretary to a politician.

MILTON SILLS, whose early ambition was to be a writer, was graduated from the University of Chicago and became a teacher instead. What a nice, quiet time he would have had if Will Rogers, Buck Jones and Hoot Gibson had been in his school! Will Rogers, whose friends call him Bill, and who is the owner of the only bowlegs that were ever seen in the *Follies*, got little "schooling" as they call it in that part of the Indian Territory where he was born. Hoot Gibson, who was born in Nebraska, and whose first traveling was done with a circus that went to Australia, got less, and Buck Jones, a western star who was raised among the hostile Indians of Indianapolis, did not get much more. Monte Blue is another curly wolf from Indiana, that rough and rugged country where a man can be a man. So also is John Bowers, whose pride and joy is his ocean-going yacht. This, while it may not be quite so fast as Dustin Farnum's crack motorboat, is much larger. "Dusty" Farnum—strange nickname for a sailor, isn't it—and his brother Bill are New Englanders. Franklyn Farnum, who is not related to them, formerly was a singer.

WALTER HIERS must have been a cute kid when he wore a cadet's uniform at the Peekskill Military Academy. Mitchell Lewis, a graduate of Annapolis, spent six years in the United States

Navy; Lewis Stone fought in the Spanish-American war; Herbert Grimwood was a captain in the British Army during the World War, and Max Linder was in the trenches for France.

TULLY MARSHALL was born in Nevada City, Nev., and Bert Lytell was born in New York City. Both were on the stage before they went into the silent drama and each has become an entertaining speech maker since. Art Acord, once of Stillwater, Okla., was named in honor of Artemas Ward, who in his day was a pretty good speech maker himself. Neal Hart was a town marshal in Wyoming, but this was a sedentary employment as compared to that of Eddie Polo who was an aerial artist in a circus. Chester Conklin took fewer chances. He was a circus clown. There was not anything funny in Sam De Grasse's business. He was a dentist.

CULLEN LANDIS was a newsboy in Nashville, Tenn., and another Goldwyn lion, Richard Dix, studied medicine in the University of Minnesota for two years before he went on the stage in the support of James Neill who is now in pictures. Dix's first part was in *The College Widow*. Lawrence Wheat and Tommie Meighan were in the original company that played that piece. That was seventeen years ago and Tommie Meighan does not look much older now than he did then. The fact that during all these years he has been married to Frances Ring may account for this.

LOYD HUGHES, who worked in a film laboratory before he became an actor, attended a polytechnic high school before he worked in a film laboratory. Mahlon Hamilton prepared for a screen career by attending the Maryland Agricultural College. Other leading men chose educational institutions in which the digging of Greek roots is the hardest form of exercise. John Davidson, Jack Mulhall and Edward Everett Horton went to Columbia; Rudolph Cameron, George Le Guere and James Spottswood to Georgetown; Dick Barthelmess to Trinity; Edmund Lowe to Santa Clara; Clyde Fillmore to Johns Hopkins; Carlyle Blackwell to Syracuse; J. Frank Glendon to Montana Wesleyan; George Walsh to Fordham; Earle Foxe to Ohio State; David Butler, son of an American actor, to Stanford; H. B. Warner, son of an English actor, to University College, London, and Joseph Schildkraut, son of an Austrian actor, to the Sargent Dramatic School in New York.

HARRY VAN METER ran a school of his own in Denver where he taught physical culture, and Emory Johnson got his physical culture at the University of California. Edward Peil and Earl Rodney and Lester Cuneo were educated at Notre Dame, although it was in France that Lester Cuneo was decorated for bravery.

EARLE WILLIAMS was a stock actor. Thomas Jefferson comes of an old theatrical family, his father, Joseph Jefferson, the greatest of American comedians, having been the third of that name in a family of actors. Frank Mayo, whose real name is McGuire, is a grandson of the Frank Mayo who became famous for his playing of *Davy Crockett*. Frank Keenan is a grandfather himself, his daughter being the wife of Ed Wynn, the comedian. He has been an actor since the days of the old Boston Museum. Willard Mack, whose real name is McLaughlin, was born in Iowa, as was the sprightly Mr. Keenan, and as Raymond Hatton, the favorite son of Red Oak. Conrad Nagel is another Iowan. His mother is a Christian Science practitioner and he is an usher in a church of that denomination in Hollywood. Those deep-dyed screen villains, Noah and Wallace Beery, hail from Kansas City, and King Baggot and Edwin August are from St. Louis. They were all actors before they went into pictures.

JACK HOLT comes from Winchester, Va., the scene of General Phil Sheridan's famous ride. Ben Turpin, who is not quite so handsome as Mr. Holt, was in burlesque and vaudeville before he became the first slapstick comedian in pictures. Al St. John first rode a bicycle in Santa Ana, Cal., and Buster Keaton was in vaudeville sixteen years before he entered pictures.

Dan Crimmins is another vaudevillian. Tom Gallery, who in *The Son of Wallingford* played a boy whose father is a crook, is in real life the son of a Chicago police captain. He himself began his career as a reporter.

TROY BARNES was a magician before he became an actor, and Kenneth Harlan who followed him in the stage play *See My Lawyer*, came to California with Gertrude Hoffman's vaudeville act, in which he wore more clothes than did Gertrude. George Beban, who has been an actor since he was eight years old, was once

One Hundred

SECRETS of

Revealed by

and Seventy-one

the STARS!

PATRICK TARSNEY

the leading comedian at Sam T. Jack's burlesque theatre in Chicago, whose proprietor believed that loveliness when unadorned is adorned the most. Jack Mower should know. He was born in Honolulu.

ELLIOTT DEXTER, whom so many people think is an Englishman, was born in Texas. Nigel Barrie, who used to be Joan Sawyer's dancing partner, would not mind the heat in either Honolulu or Texas. He comes from Calcutta, India. Snub Pollard and Billy Bevan are from Australia, where with Daphne Pollard they began their careers in a juvenile opera company. William T. Carleton had an opera company of his own. For forty years he was an operatic baritone and now plays the parts of men who in real life are young enough to be his sons.

JOE KING, a leading man in many society films, was once a chauffeur in Venice, Calif., where there are more jobs for a chauffeur than there are in Venice, Italy. Norman Kerry, whose real name is Kaiser, but who, for some reason, changed it, used to be a traveling salesman. When he got his first job in a studio he knew nothing about acting. When Lou Tellegen and Gaston Glass and Jose Ruben got theirs they knew a lot. They had been with Sarah Bernhard. Jack and Lionel Barrymore and their sister Ethel inherited plenty of ability from Maurice Barrymore and Georgia Drew Barrymore. Any time that Jack wants to quit acting he can get a job in the art department of a newspaper. He had one once in New York. He works in all mediums except water colors.

JACKIE COOGAN'S father was a dancer in vaudeville. He does not want to spoil the boy so he lets him think that his salary is two dollars a week with fifty cents extra for "putting in gags." This is the technical term for bits of business which are intended to bring laughs.

There are plenty of gags in Harold Lloyd's pictures but that studious-looking young man gets more than fifty cents a week for putting them in. Lloyd, who was born in Omaha, wasn't much older than Jackie when a phrenologist told him that he would make a good actor. In an earnest effort to vindicate the professor's judgment he played child's parts in a stock company and then, waxing bolder, he varied his school work with appearances in Shakespearean recitals. Encouraged by the fact that he still lived, he began to teach stage acting, and then began to learn screen acting as an extra with the old Edison company.

THE saucy Herbert Rawlinson has a circus tent in his past. He was born at Brighton, England, went to school in Paris, moved to Canada and left Canada with a circus when he was in his teens. J. Warren Kerrigan, another exponent of virile masculinity, was once a choir boy in an Episcopal church. At sixteen he was supporting his family by singing on the stage. The illness of his brother brought him to California and pictures. His brother got into the business end of pictures and has been kept so busy that he has not had time to remember that he ever was ill.

GARETH HUGHES is Welsh and David Powell is Scotch. William Faversham and Vernon Steel are English and so is Conway Tearle. Arnold Daly, whose English accent does not show in the pictures but makes his conversation evocative of Pall Mall and Bond Street, was born in Brooklyn and began his professional career as office boy for the late Charles Frohman. William Conklin also is from Brooklyn. Theodore Roberts is from San Francisco and now combines avocado farming with character acting. When Marc Robbins, another character actor, plays rough and western gents, with hearts of gold, and neckerchiefs tied behind and not in front as the tenderfeet tie them, he knows what he is doing. He was a rancher before he went on the stage. Tom Santschi must evolve his westerners out of his inner consciousness. There was not much of the real thing around Kokomo, Ind., where he was born.

WILLIAM DUNCAN, one of Vitagraph's stars, is a pretty good man to leave alone. He used to be a working partner of Sandow, the strong man, and he is no weakling himself. Had he been, he could not have been an instructor in Bernard McFadden's Physical Culture School nor could he have conducted a physical school of his

own. No wonder he plays in pictures like *Smashing Barriers* and *The Man of Might*.

When little Willie Russell was in Ethel Barrymore's company even Harold Lloyd's far-sighted phrenologist would hardly have detected in Willie indications that some day he would star in rip-roaring blue shirt stuff like *Where the West Begins*. He was such a well-mannered little boy and had been since his first appearance on the stage at the age of eight. But the movies wanted the rough stuff and William Russell, the alumnus of Miss Barrymore's mannerly company, gave them what they wanted.

BRYANT WASHBURN, a member of a family distinguished in the history of Chicago, succeeded in pictures without the rough stuff. That fine actor, Ralph Lewis, also is from Chicago, where for many years his father was prominent in state politics and the affairs of the G. A. R. James L. Crane is a son of Dr. Frank Crane, a clergyman who left the pulpit because he found that the magazines and the newspapers provided him with a larger audience for his ethical discourses. The father of Warner Oland was a teacher in Sweden; and Warner, who, on the screen, impersonates villains whose principles would be most repugnant to Dr. Crane, is himself the translator into English of the astringent plays of Strindberg. Patrick H. O'Malley, who, on the screen, is called "Pat," and Bill Desmond, who, nowhere except on the screen, is called "William," are products of Dublin, Ireland. Wedgwood Nowell and John Stepping were educated at the University of Pennsylvania while Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, was the birthplace of J. Barney Sherry.

RICHARD TRAVERS, who is one of the many moving picture actors who enlisted in the late war without waiting for the draft, was a practicing physician before he went into the studios, and T. Lloyd Whitlock was a civil engineer. Victor Potel was a merchant in Chicago when he decided that as he was six feet one inch tall and weighed only 130 pounds, his future in pictures was assured if he could keep down to weight. That was in 1914 and since that year he has been in pictures and out of luck as far as his diet is concerned. Jack Ridgway, who started with Forepaugh's circus, does not care what he eats. He plays society roles.

JACK SHERRILL did not have to start with a circus. His father was the head of the Frohman Amusement Corporation and as soon as Jack came out of the Berkeley school in New York there was a job in pictures waiting for him.

Jay Belasco's father, David James, the famous English comedian, is one of the few actors whose biography is to be found in the Encyclopedia Britannica. His family name was Belasco and his father and the father of David Belasco were brothers. Owen Moore and his brothers, Tom and Matt, were born in Ireland; and Herbert Standing

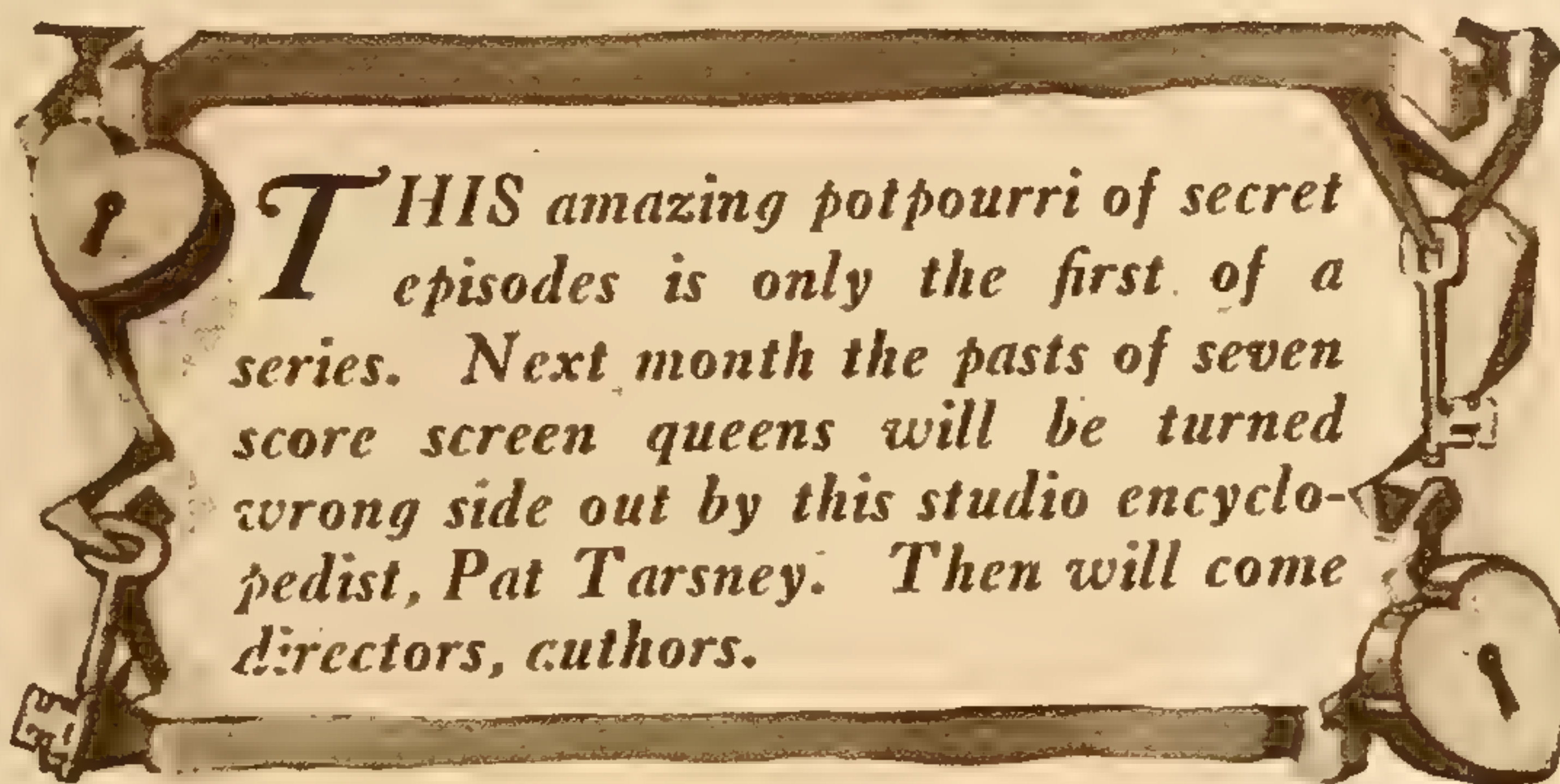
and his sons, Wyndham and Herbert, Jr., were born in England. There also was born Sir Guy Standing who has the distinction of being the only leading man who was ever knighted after he had played in Los Angeles. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was knighted before he went into pictures.

HENRY WOODWARD went into pictures after he had made in the Philippines as first lieutenant in the regular army a war record equal to that for which knighthood has been bestowed. One of his exploits was rewarded with the Congressional Medal. Hardee Kirkland is a West Pointer. He deserves some sort of a medal for he worked for McKee Rankin a long time.

Tom Wilson of Charlie Chaplin's company is an expert in another kind of warfare. It was he who trained Bob Fitzsimmons for his fight with James J. Corbett. He trained him so well that he took the championship away from "Gentleman Jim," but "Gentleman Jim" still holds among moving picture stars the championship in hand-shaking class. He has the warmest handshake and the most ingratiating smile in picture circles. But a clergyman's son who used to fight as "Kid" McCoy, but who now plays in pictures under his real name, Norman Selby, runs him a close second.

SAM KIM, who was a general in the Chinese army, may have had to run once in a while but Nobel Johnson ran for a living. He was a professional footracer; Harry Gribbon and Lewis Durham were professional baseball players; Charley French was a professional banjo player, and Bobby Dunn was a professional diver whose first artistic associates were a troupe of diving horses. John Lowell of *Ten Nights in a Barroom* fame was a civil engineer; William Bainbridge was a mining engineer, and Len Clapham was a locomotive engineer. Charles Ogle was a lawyer, Charles Rich a dramatic critic and J. P. Lockney a playwright. Dwight Crittenden was a grand opera singer, Joe Rock a teacher of dancing, William Anker a teacher of languages and Edwin Stevens a bank clerk.

BEFORE he went into pictures but after he had studied law, Al Jennings robbed trains for a living; but after he had studied theology at the University of the Pacific Milton Ross went into pictures. There does not seem to be any answer.



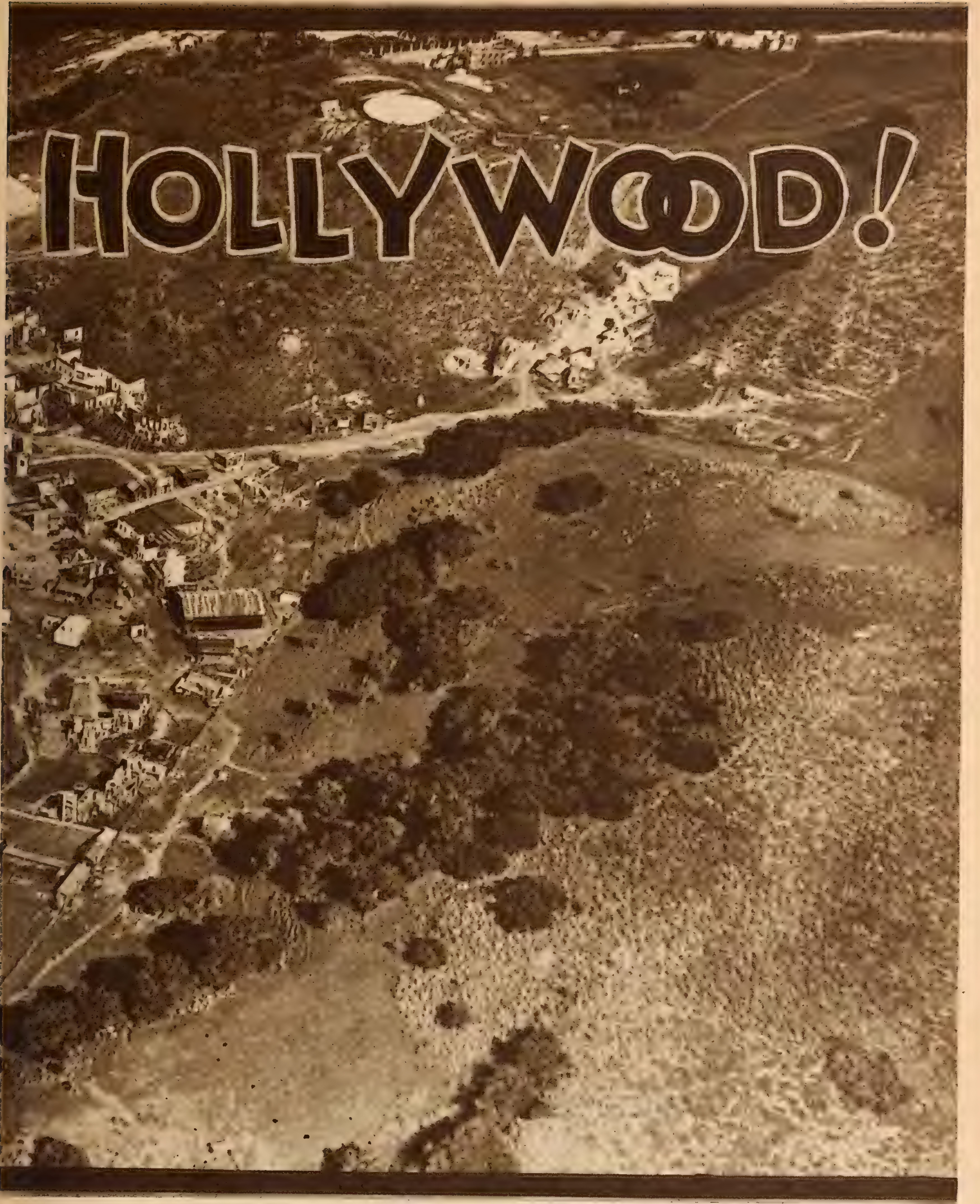


So this is

AT the very moment that the photographer snapped this sky view of Universal City, Erich von Stroheim, creator of that million-dollar *Foolish Wives*, was holding conference with Carl Laemmle in the cutting room.

You may think that the cutting room is a queer place for

Stroheim to confer with his director general. They had an adding machine between them. With this, the great Stroheim was doing his cutting. He didn't want, in his next big production, any economy that could be dispensed with. By careful management he knew that picture profits could be cut



—©Wm. M. Cross.

down to almost nothing.

But the noise of our motor drowns out the clatter of the adding machine, so it need not annoy us as we soar about this famous den of dashing daguerrotype.

Universal City is not a "one-man lot." It is the home of

many of those virile, not to say redblooded, western dramas that you have enjoyed for so long. They are made in the brushclad hills to the right of the photograph. There, too, graze the herds of cow ponies and Indian mounts. (The only use left to horses now is in the movies.) Harry Carey, Tom

Santschi, Art Acord and Hoot Gibson are some of the brawny buckaroos who have tamed that last frontier—the Wild West of Block 41, Lots A to Z, Hollywood Tallgrass tract.

But Universal maintains other, if less bloodcurdling, departments besides scalping parties and cattle raids. In that speckled stage, Priscilla Dean, queen of crook drama, grapples with underworld villains. Marie Prevost pranks with the goldfishes in a nearby fountain. Gladys Walton, Frank Mayo, William Desmond and Herbert Rawlinson are other favorites of the celluloid sagas who perform for your edification on these premises.

A low range of oak-clad hills, spanned by a twenty minutes by car or less by auto, separate Universal City from the Hollywood of shop and shirt fronts.

Cahuenga Pass pierces these hills and through it winds the white ribbon of highway—*Camino el Real*—the road of kings, a part of the scenic network of California's motor lanes. This is the road that borders Universal, its white surface streaked by continual traffic.

The checkered patch in the upper left of our photograph is a glimpse of a San Fernando Valley peach orchard. Beside it winds a sand strip, shaded by willow thickets. This, if you please, is the Los Angeles River—a thread of indifferent moisture except when swollen by winter rains.

Universal is known among picture folk as a university whose alumni are scattered throughout studioland. It is distinctly not a nest of neophytes. The reason so many great actors, directors and scenarists have sprung from here is because Universal is one of the oldest studio groups still in violent eruption.

Study the "sets" scattered about the "back lot" in the center of our view. A diagonal row of scantlings is all that you can see of some, but they support many intricately designed "fronts," which, when properly illuminated, have given gorgeous screen effects. In the very center of the group of buildings is an auto park containing long files of machines, radiating a comfortable degree of prosperity thereabouts.

More hospitality to visitors is shown at Universal than at most other studios. To many California newcomers it is the

one glimpse "behind the scenes" that is possible to them. Universal employs the usual barbed-wire entanglements and bolt-studded barricades but it does not support a battalion of armed guards and machine gun nests for curious Iowans. Sightseeing busses invade the premises daily and if you are related to Will Hays you may step aground and look the place over with the assurance that if apprehended your life sentence will be suspended by the neck until dead.

The crater-like splotch in the upper right is not Vesuvius.

It is a water reservoir. Bootleggers have bombed it by plane but so far have not succeeded in restraining the flow of limpid CO₂ stubbornly demanded by some movie people, the same as others, you know.

Rich though it may be in scenic resource, Universal City is not the only locale used by the numerous units working there. The directors and their location hunters range far and wide in search of "atmosphere" that has not been "done to death." Picturegoers are becoming more critical and they do not want to see Robinson Crusoe herding his goats in the same corral where Alkali Algeron was hung. So, although a picture may be begun here, it will contain scenes taken at perhaps a half dozen other places scattered throughout the state, with interiors built and photographed in those big stages.

Some profane souls hugely enjoy seeing Kit Carson guiding an emigrant train past a row of telephone poles. It is more difficult than a novice can realize to keep incongruous elements out of scenes, when every period of the world's history is embraced in the photoplay. In spite of the great care that picturemakers have learned to use in avoiding the irrelevant and ridiculous in serious work, tomato cans and auto

tracks still play occasional havoc in South Sea drama. Sometimes it is a mistaken calculation of camera lines. Again, a troupe immersed in enthusiasm for their task fail to detect blunder-making details that the more observant fans will invariably notice and raucously indicate in the hushed playhouse.

So much for this unique village of the films. The pilot will now circle the lot and reach a 1500-foot altitude so we can cross the range of hills and return to the flying field. Next month we will take in the United and R-C studios, one of the largest and busiest groups in movieland.

HOW would you like to have a picture like the one on the preceding page? A framed 11x14 photograph to hang on your own wall? Here is a way to get one:

Write an essay about Hollywood. In 500 words, or less, tell the Essay Editor just what you think a "close-up" of Hollywood looks like. Imagine yourself on Hollywood Boulevard. It is noontime. Are the stars going past on the way to lunch? Are they in make-up? What sort of cars do they drive? Who is with them? In what sort of places do they eat? Do they attract as much notice in Hollywood as they would in your city? Describe the stores, the cafes, the shops and homes and studio fronts as you have always imagined them.

Again, it is night and the boulevard twinkles with headlights. What does Hollywood look like at night? Do you hear jazz floating from ballrooms? Corks popping? The shriek of innocent victims?

Some of you will be humorous in your conception of Hollywood. So this contest is to be divided into two groups—one for serious essays, another for humorous ones. Be sure to mention, at the top of your contribution, whether yours is to be entered in "humorous essays" or "serious essays." And by no means forget to attach your name and address. Keep your essay under 500 words.

The contest will end on July 15, so that at least two of the best essays can be published in the September "Screenland."

The prizes? There will be six of them—three framed 11x14 photographs of Hollywood from the air for the funniest essays, and three for the best serious ones.

And Five Cents a Word will be paid to the authors of the ones chosen for publication. Remember, at least two essays will be published. So this contest gives you a chance to win a money prize as well as to win one of these unusual aerial photographs, handsomely framed.

Write your essay now and send it to "Essay Editor," "Screenland," Screenland Building, Hollywood, California.

Louie Wheeler
PRESENTS
The RUSH to the RESCUE

The Motion Picture Slump Brings Another Crisis in the Busy Career of Mr. Bloom

BRUCE WAPPINGER, a tall, broad-shouldered director who once had been a leading man, skipped nimbly up the steps that led to Stage No. 1 in the studio of the Planet Film Corporation, Inc., and, reaching the top, stopped to hold open the canvas door for the round little man who had trudged up the stairs after him.

"Mr. Bloom, I'm going to show you something that will knock your eye out," he said, proudly.

His pudgy little employer, wiping his face with a silk handkerchief slightly smaller than a sheet, smiled nervously as he answered:

"I hope it knocks all my eyes out, but also I hope that it don't cost me too much money."

"It's worth all it costs," his new director assured him, and led the way across the dark and lofty stage.

The president of the Planet Film Corporation, Inc., doing his best to keep up with him, dissented in silence.

"In the pictures or out of the pictures nothing is worth what it costs," he reflected.

He would have put his cynicism into words had he not seen that his director was in an elevated mood in which pessimistic sentiments were out of place. Wavering between his desire to talk and his disinclination to hurt his subordinate's feelings, he held his peace. Half-way across the stage the director halted.

"Hit 'em," he cried in a voice of command.

Instantly there burst into brilliant light a magnificent ballroom set which hitherto had been shrouded in darkness.

Mr. Bloom, blinking at the sudden flaring up of banks and spots and baby spots counted with his eye the members of the working crew, then transferred his gaze to the spacious apartment which stood before him.

"My eye is knocked out," he said, soberly, and dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, he continued:

"But I don't see how you're going to get enough people to fill that set without borrowing the United States Army."

His proud director smiled tolerantly.

"Oh, I'll fill it all right," he assured him. "This ballroom stuff will be the flash of the picture."

"It won't be no flash," contended Mr. Bloom, sinking his teeth deeper into his thick cigar; "it'll be an explosion. I didn't expect anything like this. For the ballroom I thought we'd use some stock and then match it up—"

"Too cheap," was the director's comment.

"Cheapness is no knock with me," said Mr. Mr. Bloom.

ANOTHER great short story of studio life by the author of "The Good Conduct Clause," "The Girl With a Pull," "The Yes Man," "Mamma the Manager," etc.

Illustrated by EVERETT WYNN

Bloom, honestly, "but if you want this I'll let you have it. Anyway I've seen it and you turn off the lights and save the juice."

"All right, boys," the director called to the electricians and the beautiful ballroom relapsed into the darkness whence it had come.

Neither Mr. Bloom nor his director spoke again until they were out in the sunshine. There a guarded look at the director's face made Mr. Bloom feel that his appreciation of the ballroom set had not been all that the director had expected. In a laudable effort to dispel the gathering cloud of misunderstanding he remarked:

"Nice weather, ain't it?"

His subordinate swept the landscape with dissatisfied eyes.

"Fair," he conceded.

"Nice weather for shooting interiors," said Mr. Bloom, less amiably. "Nobody but me seems to remember that every day those sets are up they cost me money. The outdoors don't cost me a nickel, but I can't use it if we wait until it rains to use it—"

"There will be no rain," rumbled Mr. Wappinger.

"I'm glad you've fixed that," remarked his employer, nettled by the other's complacency. "Just now I need all the good luck I can get."

Instantly he regretted this burst of confidence for the look that the director turned upon him had in it less of sympathy than of suspicion.

"I didn't think that the slump made any difference to you," he said insinuatingly.

"I didn't say that it did, did I?" parried his employer.

There was no answer and Mr. Bloom grew bolder.

"For slumps I don't care that," he boasted and tried to snap his fingers.

The day was hot and they would not snap.

"For slumps I don't care nothing at all," he insisted. "I don't believe in slumps. You go ahead and make the picture. I'll pay the bills. Maybe I won't discount 'em, but I'll pay 'em."

It was a brave speech and bravely spoken and it wrung from the director a deep-voiced:

"Right you are."

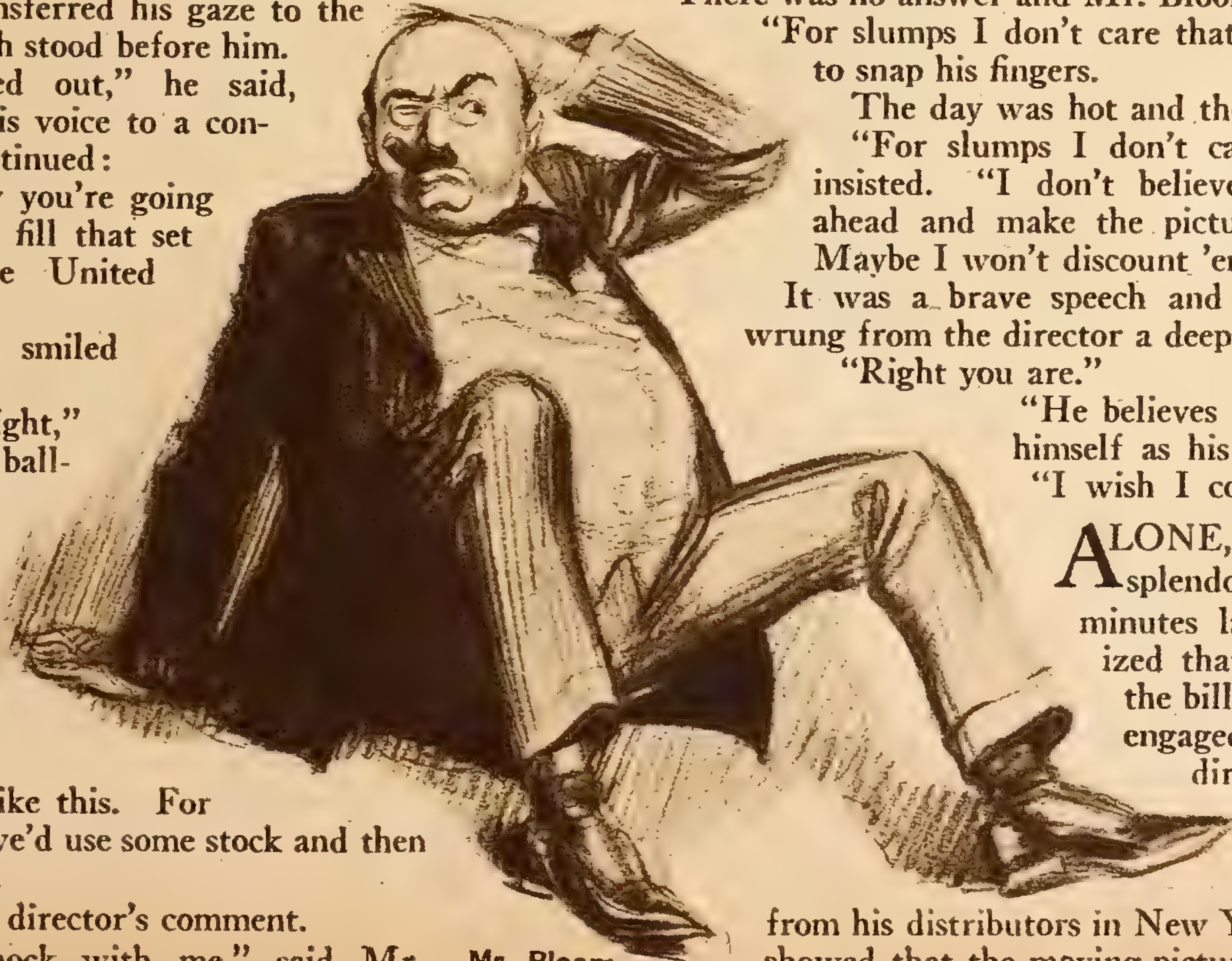
"He believes it," Mr. Bloom said to himself as his audience moved away.

"I wish I could believe it myself."

ALONE, amid the golden-oak splendor of his office, a few minutes later, Mr. Bloom realized that his chances of paying the bills for the picture he had engaged Bruce Wappinger to direct were slim indeed.

For the afternoon mail brought him his monthly statement

from his distributors in New York and that statement showed that the moving-picture public, whose intelli-



gence Mr. Bloom had so highly praised in many interviews, was, with remarkable unanimity, staying away from Mr. Bloom's pictures. For Mr. Bloom this was most inconvenient as he had relied upon the profits of pictures he already had released for funds with which to finish the one upon which he was now engaged.

"No profits, no pictures," he said to himself as glumly he contemplated the typewritten evidence of his mistaken appraisal of the intelligence of the moving picture public. "I know I can't get another dime in advance."

Under his contract with the distributing organization he received five thousand dollars each week. Every Friday morning the distributors deposited the five thousand in a Federal Reserve bank in New York and every Friday afternoon a Federal Reserve bank in Los Angeles notified Mr. Bloom that the money was at his disposal. But lately the telegraph which made this possible had been carrying to Mr. Bloom urgent inquiries as to why his picture was not making more rapid progress.

The answer was easy. Mr. Bloom was having the greatest difficulty in raising the twenty thousand dollars that was to match the distributors' twenty. They were to send him five thousand every week for four weeks. But now with Bruce Wappinger chafing at the bit and eager to start shooting, Mr. Bloom found that his chances of furnishing his share of the production cost were dim.

He had counted upon his sixty-five per cent of the net profits on his old picture to help him out, but sixty-five per cent of nothing does not go very far even in the moving-picture business. Nor was he as fortunate as those of his competitors who had pictures in reserve which they could release as they chose. Mr. Bloom's cupboard was bare of canned pictures. If he released anything he would have to make it first; if he had no money he could not make it; he had no money——

Just as he was wondering how much more, if any, he could borrow on his life insurance policies, Opportunity knocked on his door. Not knowing that it was Opportunity, but rather apprehensive that it might be a creditor, the distressed little man said mildly:

"Come in."

He who accepted the invitation did not look like a creditor. To Mr. Bloom he looked like a man who might own a string of banks. It had been some time since Mr. Bloom had even succeeded in owing money to a bank.

The visitor, a man of middle-age and impressive carriage, bowed and without speaking, ran an uncompromising eye over Mr. Bloom and Mr. Bloom's furniture. Mr. Bloom had an uneasy suspicion that neither met with the visitor's approval. But the visitor certainly met with Mr. Bloom's.

"Custom-made shoes, custom-made hat, custom-made shirt," the producer decided, and when the visitor took off his hat, added the mental comment: "Custom-made toupee."

The iron-gray hair, of whose authenticity the little man was so doubtful, thatched a head that might have been carved from a block of rosy marble. The square jaw, the thin, tight lips and the formidable nose that embellished the monolithic countenance conveyed an impression of power. That the possessor of this power had utilized some of it for his own use was fairly

evident from the garments he wore and the assured and easy fashion in which he wore them. To Mr. Bloom he looked like a distinguished citizen. To a less impressionable observer he would more closely have resembled a successful crook.

While Mr. Bloom studied him, he studied the office, and, being the first to complete his inspection, turned to the owner of the office and, in a voice that was full of decision, announced:

"I've come here to lend you some money."

Mr. Bloom, with his eyes and his mouth wide open, started to rise from his chair.

"Sit down," commanded the stranger; "I've got lots of things to say to you."

An hour later he still was saying them, and Mr. Bloom, innocent as a middle-aged dove, was drinking in the words of the serpent.

ONE month from that blessed day the insidious Mr. Popham was again in Mr. Bloom's office and again he was talking. This time he had a grievance.

"Bloom," he said pettishly, "I thought you told me that this director of ours is a woman-hater."

"Ain't he?" asked Mr. Bloom, surprised. "He always told me he was."

"He lied. He's trying to get chummy with Miss Adair."

"Is he?" asked Mr. Bloom, with interest.

"Well, if I was a producer and didn't have to set a good example not only to the moving picture business, but to the whole world, I'd try to get chummy with her myself—not too chummy, but just chummy enough. That is, if my wife would let me, which she wouldn't. But I'd want to just the same."

This impenitent avowal aroused in the granite-faced man nothing but scorn.

"Nobody on this lot is to try to get chummy with Miss Adair," he said portentously. "I forbid it."

"When people like each other all the forbidding in the world don't do no good," replied Mr. Bloom with conviction. "I wouldn't be surprised to hear that Miss Adair and Bruce Wappinger like each other——"

"They've got no business liking each other," flared the other. "I'll put a stop to it as sure as my name is J. E. Popham."

"Take a tip from me that don't cost you nothing," advised Mr. Bloom. "The surest way to bring people together is to try to pull them apart. Think it over. And if it's just the same to you, please be so good as to go some place else to do your thinking. I've got all my mail to go through."

There was a pause during which J. E. Popham occupied himself with his nails.

"As soon as this picture is finished," he said icily, "I want you to fire Wappinger."

Mr. Bloom, who had begun to read his mail, looked up with eyes that were undisturbed.

"I won't do it," he remarked quietly, and went back to his letters.

J. E. Popham smote the desk.

"Whose money is running this plant?" he demanded.

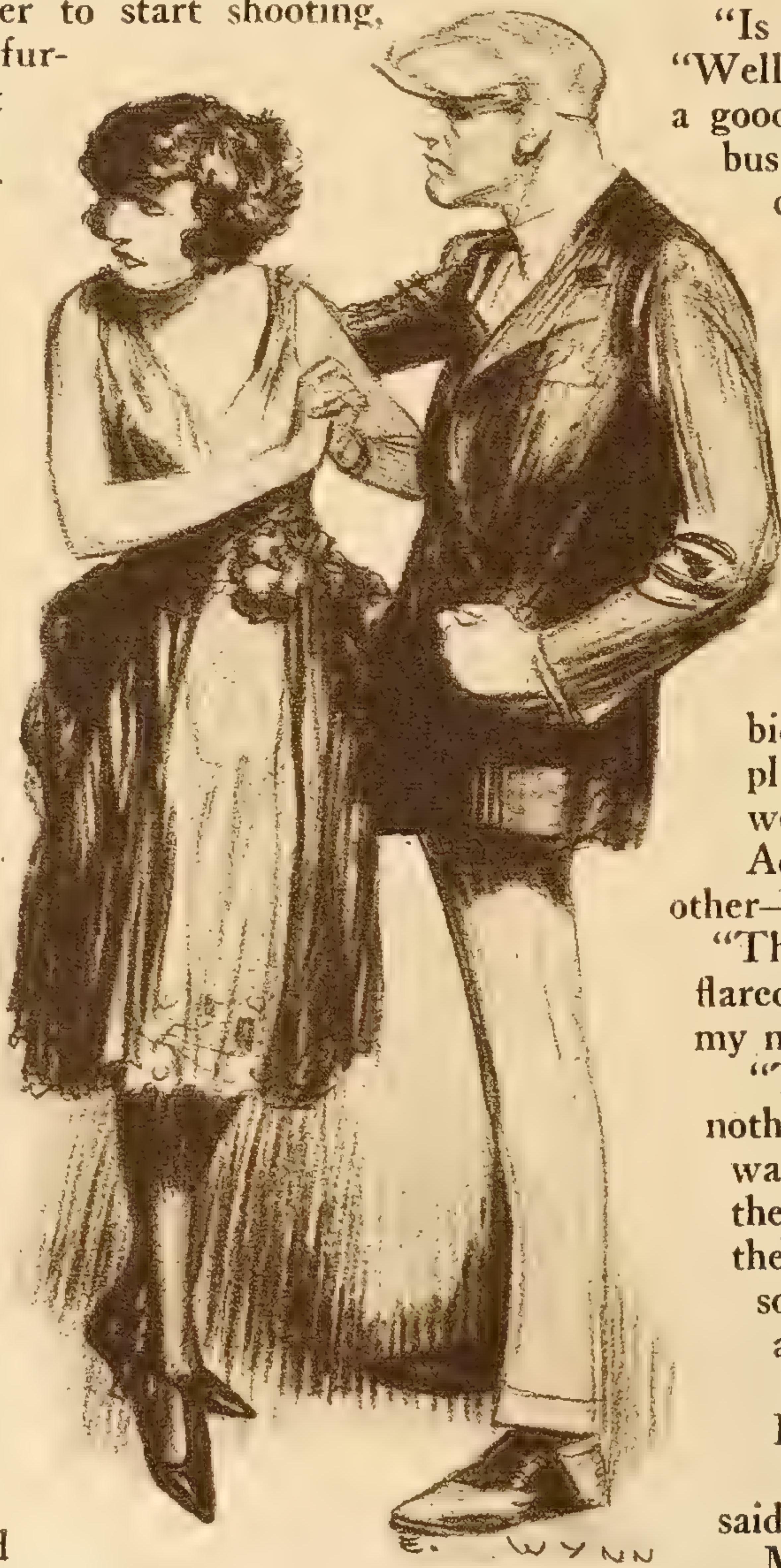
"Nobody's money is running this plant. I'm running it," said Mr. Bloom. "You've got some money in it. That's all."

"And you won't fire Wappinger?"

"The answer is still 'No'."

"Then," declared Mr. Bloom's financial backer, "you'll make no more pictures with my money."

Mr. Bloom read for almost a minute before he answered. Then he laid aside the paper he had been reading, and said:



The girl and the pug.

"So far as I'm concerned, I don't care that."

He snapped his fingers and he was so elated to find that he had snapped them successfully that he snapped them again. The third snap being not so good he did not attempt a fourth. Instead he stood up and looked J. E. Popham squarely in the eye.

"And if I hear of you bothering Miss Adair," he threatened, "I'll throw you off the lot."

"You'll do what?" demanded the larger and heavier Popham, advancing upon him.

"I'll have you thrown off the lot and, what's more, I'll have Bruce Wappinger do the throwing."

Those were Mr. Bloom's spirited words. He stood his ground as he uttered them, and there must have been something either in the words or in the defiant, not to say, pugnacious manner in which they were spoken that led J. E. Popham to believe that the danger from Bruce Wappinger was imminent. For it is hardly to be imagined that, towering as he did head and shoulders above Mr. Bloom, he would have abandoned his warlike purposes simply because of Mr. Bloom alone. But abandon them he did and in lieu of the raised hand he substituted the lowered voice.

"Don't get excited," he counseled. "Remember that your blood pressure is high. There is no reason that you and I should disagree. If you don't like the way I do business, buy me out."

Mr. Bloom squirmed.

"I don't like the way you do business," he answered, "but just now I haven't got the ready cash to buy you out."

"Then I'll buy you," said J. E. Popham. "I'll fire Wappinger. I'll hire a director that'll mind his own business. I'll produce pictures. I'll feature Miss Adair——"

"You'll go broke," prophesied Mr. Bloom. "Miss Adair is a very nice girl, but as an actress she ain't making Mary Pickford lose any sleep. She's doing fine just where she is—— playing atmosphere for ten a day."

"Fifteen."

"Well, fifteen then, but she ain't worth five. If you try to make a starrer out of her it won't be because she can act——"

"Suppose you try minding your own business," suggested J. E. Popham, looking more like granite than ever. "Miss Adair is free, white and twenty-one——"

"Twenty-four," said Mr. Bloom.

J. E. Popham ignored the interruption.

"Under proper management——" he began.

"Which she won't get very much of with you," broke in Mr. Bloom.

"Bah!" exclaimed his exasperated partner.

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but bahs will never hurt me," pointed out Mr. Bloom. "You're getting to be just like a heavy in a picture. All that's missing is the cigarette and the mortgage on the old homestead."

His eyes traveled to the carefully tended hand of J. E. Popham.

"Only the mortgage is missing," he said; "I see you've got the cigarette. Also you've got things kind of coming your way, but let me give you a tip that won't cost you nothing. The heavy never gets the girl. Because why? Because there's always a rush to the rescue."

"Rush and be damned," snarled J. E. Popham, and went out and slammed the door behind him.

NOT to be outdone in spirit, Mr. Bloom slammed it again when he went out a few minutes later. That nobody heard him slam it annoyed him, but that he found the company still grouped about the ballroom set annoyed him more. Yet that which caused him most displeasure was that when he reached the set the camera was grinding and he had to wait until the scene was shot before he could get the ear of Bruce Wappinger.

"Excuse me for taking any of your valuable time," he said, "but I want to see Rose Adair."

The big director ran his eye over the assemblage of young women in evening dress.

"She was here a minute ago——" he began.

"Of course she was," said Mr. Bloom, with asperity. "In a studio whenever you look for anybody they were always here a minute ago. That don't help me half so much as knowing where she is."

"I don't know myself," pleaded the director. "I'll send somebody to look for her if you say so."

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Bloom, loftily. "If you got any people around here that all you do with them is send them on errands I wish you'd fire 'em right away. I'll do my own looking."

"If you run across Popham tell him I'd like to see him, will you?" the director asked, with a carelessness that did not deceive his employer.

"If it's about business, you can talk to me, you know," he hinted; "I'm still on the job."

"I don't want to see him about business," said the other grimly.

"No fights, Bruce Wappinger, no fights," he warned. "This picture ain't done yet."

"There won't be any fight," said the director convincingly, "but if you don't want me to make a wreck of your new business partner, you'll tell him to keep away from Miss Adair."

"You got a muscle like a box fighter," observed Mr. Bloom; "but if you ever hit Popham in the face you'll break your hand. But don't hit him at all till the picture's finished. Then, if I was you, I'd hit him in the stummick."

"I don't want to soil my hands on him," said the director, "and I wouldn't give him a second thought if it weren't for his unwelcome attentions to Miss Adair. He seems to think that because he gave her a job here he owns her. She has nobody to protect her except me and I shall not disappoint her."

"You talk like a title writer," said Mr. Bloom, who looked as if he himself were disappointed. "Every time I hear big words I know I ain't going to see a fight."

"She's an orphan," said Bruce Wappinger, sadly.

"Orphans twenty-four years old ain't exactly helpless," observed his employer. "I'm beginning to think that if you and Popham would worry less about Rosie and more about the picture, we'd get along faster. I don't believe in hiring trouble for fifteen dollars a day. I was going to tell her to keep away from both of you. Now I'm going to find her and fire her——"

"Fire Rosie?" cried Bruce Wappinger, in alarm as Mr. Bloom turned away.

"Fire Rosie," repeated Mr. Bloom over his shoulder.

"You'll regret it."

Mr. Bloom stopped and faced the director, who had hurried after him.

"All my life I've been doing things I've regretted," he said tartly, "and right now I can't think of one of them. I guess another more or less won't make no difference."

Muttering to himself, the director went back to his set. Muttering to himself, Mr. Bloom started in quest of Rose Adair. He did not have to go far for as he crossed a deserted property room he heard the throaty and seductive drawl of the twenty-four-year-old orphan.

It came from the other side of a canvas wall and Mr. Bloom could see neither the drawler nor the person to whom she was drawling. But distinctly he could hear Miss Adair say:

"You precious darling, I love you, love you, love you."

And then a kiss.

"This is no place for me," said Mr. Bloom to himself, with much earnestness, and, turning on tip-toe, he fled from the property room and toward the set where was Rose Adair's protector.

"If she ever needs him she needs him now," he kept saying to himself. "That Popham must have her hypnotized."

But stirred as he was by what he had heard in the property

room, there were within him stores of indignation still untapped, and these flowed freely at what he saw on the set.

Seven male extras of whose existence he had, until then, been in ignorance were now gathered about a card table in a corner of the sumptuous ballroom and with cards and chips were deep in a game which Mr. Bloom had no difficulty at all in identifying as draw poker. Only the fact that they were in evening clothes and that the lights were shining upon them and the camera pointed in their direction saved their game from instant dissolution.

"You're paying these fellers to play cards?" gasped Mr. Bloom as he caught Wappinger's sleeve.

"It's in the script," answered the director pettishly, "and when I'm satisfied with the rehearsal I'm going to shoot it."

"Don't get satisfied," cried Mr. Bloom, in warning tones. "This thing wasn't in the script when I saw it."

"We needed it and put it in."

"Take it out."

"I can't. I need a flash of card-playing——"

"But seven card players at ten dollars a day!" gasped the man who would have to pay them. "For goodness sake, have a bridge game if you've got to have something. That only takes four people, or better yet have a pedro game or a casino game. They only take two."

Wappinger glared at him.

"I suppose I could have one man play solitaire," he said in his most sarcastic manner.

"Why not?"

"Please, please go away," cried the director, and lowering his voice he whispered, "These extras aren't charging anything for the card game. I wish you'd let me get through with it. I want to shoot a close-up of Miss Adair before she goes home."

Mr. Bloom started, guiltily conscious that finance had made him forget chivalry.

"Never mind the card game," he cried, excitedly; "come with me. Maybe it ain't too late to save Rosie Adair——"

Wappinger wheeled upon him with panic in his eyes.

"Save her?" he gulped. "Save her from what?"

"It ain't from what, it's from who," explained the agitated producer, pulling at his sleeve. "If we hurry we may get there in time. When I left 'em all they was doing was kissing."

HE had no breath with which to say more for he and the director were now running toward the property room. As they reached it, Mr. Bloom was ahead, a fact, which, as he rounded the canvas wall and dashed toward Rose Adair, he had every reason to regret. For if Mr. Bloom had not been in the lead, J. E. Popham would not have knocked him down.

J. E. Popham did not mean to knock him down. J. E. Popham had no idea that he was there. J. E. Popham, who himself had just been knocked down and had scrambled to his feet with nothing in his head but thoughts of flight, was not, at that moment, a free agent.

His collision with Mr. Bloom sent him again to the floor from which he had so lately risen. He must have thought that he was safest there, for he made no effort to rise. Nor did Mr. Bloom seek to get up. He was sure that just then the floor was the best place for him.

Standing above him was Rose Adair. She was in the evening gown in which she had appeared in the ballroom set, but also she was in company that had not been with her there. Her left hand rested upon the curly head of a manly looking little chap of about six, and her right hand clung trustingly to the left hand of "Kid" Chester, the champion middle-weight pugilist of California.

"As soon as he gets up I wish you'd knock him down again," she was drawling in her rich, throaty contralto.

"Me?" cried Mr. Bloom, his eyes fascinated by "Kid" Chester's workmanlike right fist.

Rose Adair laughed, and tightened her grip on the prize-fighter's left hand.

"Not you," she drawled; "I've told my husband all about you. He thinks you're all right."

"Much obliged and many of them," answered Mr. Bloom from the bottom of his heart.

"Your husband?" gasped Bruce Wappinger from the doorway.

"Kid" Chester darted at the director a look that had intimidated many opponents in the ring.

Then he turned deferentially to his wife.

"Dearie," he asked, "shall I nail that one, too?"

"No, precious," she said languidly; "he's been very nice. That one on the floor was the only one that bothered me."

She could not have meant Mr. Bloom, for Mr. Bloom was no longer upon the floor. He was bending over the son of Mr. and Mrs. "Kid" Chester showing him the works of his watch.

"Oh, that feller?" said Mr. Bloom; "he's been bothering everybody. I don't care what you do to him."

But when he saw the pugilist gently disengage himself from Rose Adair and saw both of his hands were fists now instead of one, Mr. Bloom's humanitarian instincts got the better of his dislike of J. E. Popham.

"I take that back," he said hurriedly; "I do too care. I'm afraid you'll hurt him. I'll just throw him off the lot myself."

He moved majestically to his fallen partner.

"Get up," he ordered, "get up and get out."

J. E. Popham arose and began to brush the dust from his clothing.

Mr. Bloom menaced him with an oratorical forefinger.

"I said 'up and out,' not only 'up,'" he reminded him.

"I have money invested here," protested Popham, although not too vigorously.

"Not no more you haven't," Mr. Bloom told him. "I'll give you a check for everything you put in. I got a letter today with my monthly statement. The letter says you're a bad boy."

"What's the statement say?" asked Bruce Wappinger, whose art was not wholly free from a tinge of commercialism.

"The statement," said Mr. Bloom, taking it from his pocket, "the statement shows I'm making money. The slump is over."

LITTLE HINTS for BOOK LOVERS

THE EXEMPLARY THEATRE, by Harley Granville-Barker, is an excellent perspective of the commercial theatre's contribution to society, and its contents apply with as great force to motion pictures as to the legitimate drama, for which it was prepared. To students of photodrama, this work is well worth \$2 net. Little, Brown & Co.

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Barbara Bedford is one of Hollywood's leading leading women. She is leading an active life by appearing in Fox, Universal and Fine Arts Films. *Portrait by Witzel.*

Screen
land



Though she is quite as attractive in her current plays, Betty Blythe's charm will always be compared to her triumph in QUEEN OF SHEBA. *Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston.*



A pen impression
of Wells by Chaplin.

MY TRIP ABROAD

By
**CHARLIE
CHAPLIN**

SO we wandered along through South London by Kennington Cross and Kennington Gate, Newington Butts, Lambeth Walk and the Clapham Road, and all through the neighborhood. Almost every step brought back memories, most of them of a tender sort. I was right there in the midst of my youth, but somehow I seemed apart from it.

I felt as though I was viewing it under a glass. It could be seen all too plainly, but when I reached to touch it it was not there—only the glass could be felt, this glass that had been glazed by the years since I left.

If I could only get through the glass and touch the real live thing that had called me back to London. But I can't.

A man cannot go back. He thinks he can, but other things have happened to his life. He has new ideas, new friends, new attachments. He doesn't belong to his past, except that the past has, perhaps, made marks on him.

My friends and I continue our stroll—a stroll so pregnant with interest to me at times that I forget that I have company and wander along alone.

Who is that old derelict there against the cart? Another landmark. I look at him closely. He is the same—only more so. Well do I remember him, the old tomato man. I was about 12 when I first saw him and he is still here in the same old spot, plying the same old trade, while I—

I can picture him as he first appeared to me standing beside his round cart heaped with tomatoes, his greasy clothes shiny in their unkemptness, the rather glassy single eye that had looked from one side of his face staring at nothing in particular, but giving you the feeling that it was seeing all, the mottled nose with the network of veins spelling dissipation.

Just to meet H. G. Wells, the celebrated novelist, alone is worth a trip to Europe, says Charlie Chaplin in this, his remarkable diary of his European holiday. "Wells tries on my hat, then takes my cane and twirls it. The effect is ridiculous, especially as just at that moment I notice two volumes of the *Outline of History* on his table."

I remember how I used to stand around and wait for him to shout his wares. His method never varied. There was a sudden twitching convulsion and he leaned to one side, trying to straighten out the other as he did so, and then, taking into his one lung all the air it would stand, he would let forth a clattering, gargling, asthmatic, high-pitched wheeze, a series of sounds which defied interpretation. Somewhere in the explosion there could be detected "ripe tomatoes." Any other part of his message was lost.

AND he was still here. Through summer suns and winter snows he had stood and was standing. Only a bit more decrepit, a bit older, more dyspeptic, his clothes greasier, his shoulders rounder, his one eye rather filmy and not so all-seeing as it once was. And I waited, but he did not shout his wares any more. Even the good lung was failing. He just stood there inert in his ageing. And somehow the tomatoes did not look so good as they once were.

We get into a cab and drive back toward Brixton to the Elephant and Castle, where we pull up at a coffee shop. The same old London coffee shop, with its bad coffee and tea.

There are a few pink-cheeked rouses around and a couple of old derelicts. Then there are a lot of painted ladies, many of them with young men and the rest of them looking for young men. Some of the young fellows are minus arms and many of them carry various ribbons of military honor. They are living and eloquent evidence of the war and its effects. There are a number of stragglers. The whole scene to me is depressing. What a sad London this is! People with tired, worn faces after four years of war!

Some one suggests that we go up and see George Fitzmaurice, who lives in Park Lane. There we can get a drink and then go to bed. We jump in a cab and are soon there. What a difference! Park Lane is another world after the Elephant and Castle. Here are the homes of the millionaires and the prosperous.

Fitzmaurice is quite a successful moving picture director. We find a lot of friends at his house and over whiskies and sodas we discuss our trip. Our trip through Kennington suggests Limehouse and conversation turns toward that district and Thomas Burke.

I get their impressions of Limehouse. It is not as tough as it has been pictured. I rather lost my temper through the discussion.

One of those in the party, an actor, spoke very sneeringly of that romantic district and its people.

"Talk about Limehouse nights, I thought they were tough down there. Why, they are like a lot of larks," said this big leading man.

AND then he tells of a visit to the Limehouse district—a visit made solely for the purpose of finding trouble. How he had read of the tough characters there and how he had decided to go down to find out how tough they were.

"I went right down there into their joints," he said, "and told them that I was looking for somebody that was tough, the tougher the better, and I went up to a big mandarin wearing a feather and said, 'Give me the toughest you've got. You fellows are supposed to be tough down here, so let's see how tough you are.' And I couldn't get a rise out of any of them," he concluded.

This was enough for me. It annoys.

I told him that it was very fine for well-fed overpaid actors flaunting toughness at these deprived people, who are gentle and nice and if ever tough only because of environment. I asked him just how tough he would be if he were living the life that some of these unfortunate families must live. How easy for him with five meals a day beneath that thrust-out chest with his muscles trained and perfect, trying to start something with these people. Of course they were not tough, but when it comes to four years of war, when it comes to losing an arm or a leg, then they are tough. But they are not going around looking for fights unless there is a reason.

It rather breaks up the party, but I am feeling so disgusted that I do not care.

We meander along, walking from Park Lane to the Ritz.

On our way we are stopped by two or three young girls. They are stamped plainly and there is no subtlety about their "Hello boys, you are not going home so early?" They salute us. We wait a moment. They pause and then wave their hands to us and we beckon them.

"How is it you are up so late?" They are plainly embarrassed at this question. Perhaps it has been a long time since they were given the benefit of the doubt. They are not just sure what to say. We are different. Their usual method of attack or caress does not seem in order, so they just giggle.

Here is life in its elemental rawness. I feel very kindly disposed toward them, particularly after my bout with the well-fed actor who got his entertainment from the frailties of others. But it is rather hard for us to mix. There is a rather awkward silence.

THEN one of the girls asks if we have a cigarette. Robinson gives them a package which they share between the three of them. This breaks the ice. They feel easier. The meeting is beginning to run along the parliamentary rules that they know.

Do we know where they can get a drink?

"No." This is a temporary setback, but they ask if we mind their walking along a bit with us. We don't and we walk along toward the Ritz. They are giggling and before long I am recognized. They are embarrassed.

They look down at their shabby little feet where ill-fitting shoes run over at the heels. Their cheap little cotton suits class them even low in their profession, though their youth is a big factor toward their potential rise when they have become hardened and their mental faculties have become sharpened in their eternal battles with men. Then men will come to them.

Knowing my identity they are on their good behavior. No longer are we prospects. We are true adventure for them this night. Their intimacy has left them and in its place there appears a reserve which is attractive even in its awkwardness.

The conversation becomes somewhat formal. And we are nearing the hotel, where we must leave them. They are very nice and charming now and are as timid and reserved as though they had just left a convent.

They talk haltingly of the pictures they have seen, shyly telling how they loved me in *Shoulder Arms*, while one of them told how she wept when she saw *The Kid* and how she had that night sent some money home to a little kid brother who was in school and staying there through her efforts in London.

The difference in them seems so marked when they call me Mr. Chaplin, and I recall how they had hailed us as "Hello, boys." Somehow I rather resent the change. I wish they would be more intimate in their conversation. I would like to get their viewpoint. I want to talk to them freely. They are so much more interesting than most of the people I meet.

But there is a barrier. Their reserve stays. I told them that I was sure they were tired and gave them cab fare.

One of their number speaks for the trio.

"Thanks, Mr. Chaplin, very much. I could do with this, really. I was broke, honest. Really, this comes in very handy."

They could not quite understand our being nice and sympathetic. They were used to being treated in the jocular way of street comradery. Finer qualities came forward under the respectful attention we gave them, something rather nice that had been buried beneath the veneer of their trade.

Their thanks are profuse yet awkward. They are not used to giving thanks. They usually pay, and pay dearly, for anything handed them. We bid them "good night." They smile and walk away.

WE watch them for a bit as they go on their way. At first they are strolling along, chattering about their adventure. Then, as if on a signal, they straighten up as though bracing themselves and with quickened steps they move toward Piccadilly, where a haze of light is reflected against the murky sky.

It is the beacon light from their battle ground and as we follow

them with our eyes these butterflies of the night make for the lights where there is laughter and gayety.

As we go along to the Ritz we are all sobered by the encounter with the three little girls. I think blessed is the ignorance that enables them to go on without the mental torture that would come from knowing the inevitable that awaits them.

As we go up the steps of the hotel we see a number of derelicts huddled asleep against the outside of the building, sitting under the arches and doors, men and women, old and young, underfed, deprived, helpless, so much so that the imprint of helplessness is woven into their brain and brings on an unconsciousness that is a blessing.

We wake them up and hand them each money. "Here, get yourself a bed."

They were too numbed. They thank us mechanically, accepting what we give them, but their reaction and thanks are more physical than mental.

There was one old woman about 70. I gave her something. She woke up, or stirred in her sleep, took the money without a word of thanks—took it as though it was her ration from the bread line and no thanks were expected, huddled herself up in a tighter knot than before and continued her slumber. The inertia of poverty had long since claimed her.

We rang the night bell at the Ritz, for they are not like our American hotels, where guests are in the habit of coming in at all hours of the night. The Ritz closes its doors at midnight and after that hour you must ring them.

BUT the night was not quite over. As we were ringing the bell we noticed a wagon in the street about a block away with the horse slipping and the driver out behind the wagon with his shoulder to the wheel and urging the horse along with cheery words.

We walked to the wagon and found it was loaded with apples and on its way to the market. The streets were so slippery that the horse could not negotiate the hill. I could not help but think how different from the usual driver this man was.

He did not belay the tired animal with a whip and curse and swear at him in his helplessness. He saw that the animal was up against it and instead of beating him he got out and put his shoulder to the wheel, never for the moment doubting that the horse was doing his best.

We all went out into the street and put our shoulders against the wagon along with the driver. He thanked us and as we finally got the momentum necessary to carry it over the hill, he said:

"These darn roads are so slippery that the darn horse even can't pull it." It was a source of wonder to him that he should come upon something too much for his horse. And the horse was so well fed and well kept. I could not help but notice how much better the animal looked than his master. The evening was over and I don't know but what the incident of the apple wagon was a fitting finale.

THE next morning for the first time I am made to give my attention to the mail that has been arriving. We have been obliged to have another room added to our suite in order to have some place in which to keep the numerous sacks that are being brought to us at all hours.

The pile is becoming so mountainous that we are compelled to engage half a dozen stenographers just for the purpose of reading and classifying them.

We found that there were 73,000 letters or cards addressed to me during the first three days in London and of this number more than 28,000 were begging letters—letters begging anywhere from £1 to £100,000.

Countless and varied were the reasons set forth. Some were ridiculous. Some were amusing. Some were pathetic. Some were insulting. All of them in earnest.

I discovered from the mail that there are 671 relatives of mine in England that I knew nothing about. The greater part of these were cousins and they gave very detailed family tree tracings in support of their claims. All of them wished to be set up in business or to get into the movies.

But the cousins did not have a monopoly on the relationships. There were brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and there were nine claiming to be my mother, telling wondrous adventure stories about my being stolen by Gypsies when a baby or being left on doorsteps, until I began to think my youth had been a very hectic affair. But I did not worry much about these latter, as I had left a perfectly good mother back in California, and so far I have been pretty much satisfied with her.

There were letters addressed just to Charles Chaplin, some to King Charles, some to the "King of Mirth"; on some there was drawn the picture of a battered derby; some carried a reproduction of my shoes and cane and in some there was stuck a white feather with the question as to what I was doing during the war.

Would I visit such and such institutions? Would I appear for such and such charity? Would I kick off the football season or attend some particular soccer game? Then there were letters of welcome and one inclosing an iron cross inscribed "For your services in the great war" and "Where were you when England was fighting?"

THEN there were others thanking me for happiness given the senders. These came by the thousand. One young soldier sent me four medals he had gotten during the big war. He said that he was sending them because I had never been properly recognized. His part was so small and mine so big, he said, that he wanted me to have his Croix de Guerre, his regimentals and other medals.



Some of the letters were most interesting. Here are a few samples:

"Dear Mr. Chaplin: You are a leader in your line and I am a leader in mine. Your specialty is moving pictures and custard pies. My specialty is windmills.

"I know more about windmills than any man in the world. I have studied the winds all over the world and am now in a position to invent a windmill that will be the standard mill of the world, as it will be made so it can be adapted to the winds of the tropics and the winds of the arctic regions.

"I am going to let you in on this in an advantageous way. You have only to furnish the money. I have the brains and in a few years I will make you rich and famous. You had better phone me for quick action.

"Yours truly."

"Dear Mr. Chaplin: Won't you please let me have enough money to send little Oscar to college. Little Oscar is 12 and the neighbors all say that he is the brightest little boy they have ever seen. And he can imitate you so well that we don't have to go to the movies any more, [This is dangerous. Oscar is a real competitor ruining my business] and so if you can't send the little fellow to college won't you take him in the movies with you like you did Jackie Coogan."

"Dear Mr. Chaplin: My brother is a sailor and he is the only man in the world who knows where Capt. Kidd's gold is buried. He has charts and maps and everything necessary, including a pick and shovel. But he cannot pay for the boat.

"Will you pay for the boat and half the gold is yours. All you need do is say yes to me in a letter and I will go out and look for John as he is off somewhere on a boat, being a what you might call a drinking man when ashore. But I am sure that I can find him as he and I drink in the same places. Your shipmate."

"Dear Charlie: Have you ever thought of the money to be made in peanuts? I know the peanut industry, but I am not telling any of my business in a letter. If you are interested in becoming a peanut king, then I'm your man. Just address me as Snapper Dodge, above address."

"Dear Mr. Chaplin: My daughter has been helping me about my boarding house now for several years and I may say that she understands the art of catering to the public as wishes to stay in quarters. But she has such high-toned ideas, like as putting up curtains in the bathroom and such that at times I think she is too good for the boarding house business and should be having her own hotel to run.

"If you could see your way to buy a hotel in London or New York for Drusilla, I am sure that before long your name and Drusilla's would be linked together all over the world because of what Drusilla would do to the hotel business. And she would save money because she could make all the beds and cook herself and at nights could invent the touches like what I have mentioned. Drusilla is waiting for you to call her."

"Dear Mr. Chaplin: I am enclosing pawn checks for grandma's false teeth and our silver water pitcher, also a rent bill showing that our rent was due yesterday. Of course, we would rather have you

Charlie visits the office of the London Weekly Dispatch. "I wonder what they would say to my silk hat in Hollywood?" he reflected.

pay the rent first, but if you could as spare it, grandma's teeth would be acceptable, and we can't hold our heads up among the neighbors since father hocked our silver pitcher to get some beer."

HERE are more extracts from a number of the letters selected at random from the mountain of mail awaiting me at the hotel:

"— wishes Mr. Chaplin a hearty welcome and begs him to give him the honor of shaving him on Sunday, Sept. 11, any time which he thinks suitable."

A west end money lender has forwarded his business card, which states: "Should you require temporary cash accommodation, I am prepared to advance you £50 to £10,000 on note of hand alone, without fees or delay. All communications strictly private and confidential."

A man living in Lexington Street, Goldensquare, W., writes: "My son, in the endeavor to get a flower thrown by you from the Ritz hotel, lost his hat, the bill for which I inclose, 7 shillings and 6 pence."

A Liverpool scalp specialist gathers that Mr. Chaplin is much concerned regarding the appearance of gray hairs in his head. "I claim to be," he adds, "the only man in Britain who can and does restore the color to gray hair. You may visit Liverpool, and if you will call I shall be pleased to examine your scalp and give you a candid opinion. If nothing can be done I will state so frankly."

"Is there any chance," writes Mrs. Violet Pain of 8 Angell-road, Brixton, "of your requiring for your films the services of twin small boys nearly 4 years old and nearly indistinguishable? An American agent has recently been in this neighborhood and secured a contract with two such small girls (twins), which points to at least a demand for such on American films."

A widow of 62 writes: "I have a half dozen china tea set of the late Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, and it occurred to me that you might like to possess it. If you would call or allow me to take it anywhere for you to see, I would gladly do so. I have had it twenty-four years and would like to raise money on it."

A SOUTH LONDON picture dealer writes: "If ever you should be passing this way when you are taking your quiet strolls around London, I would like you to drop in and see a picture that I think might interest you. It is the Strand by night, painted by Arthur Grimshaw in 1887. I hope you won't think I have taken too much of a liberty—but I knew your mother when I was in Kate Paradise's troupe, and I think she would remember me if ever you were to mention Clara Symonds of that troupe. It is a little link with the past."

"Dear Old Friend: Some months ago I wrote to you and no doubt you will remember me. I was in 'Casey's Court,' and, as you know, we had Mr. Murray for our boss. You have indeed got on well. I myself have only this month come home from being in Turkey for eight years. Dear old boy, I should like to see you when you come to London—that is, if you do not mind mixing with one of the Casey's Court urchins."

A Billingshurst (Sussex) mother writes: "Would you grant a few moments' interview to a little girl of 9 (small for her years), whom I am anxious to start on the films? She has much in her favor,

being not only bright and clever, but unusually attractive in appearance, receiving unlimited attention wherever she goes, as she is really quite out of the ordinary."

A disengaged actress writes: "If you should take a film in England, it would be a great kindness to employ some of the hundreds of actresses out of work now and with no prospects of getting any. A walk-on would be a very welcome change to many of us to say nothing of a part."

A Bridgewater resident owning a new six-cylinder car writes: "A friend of mine has a very old time spot right here in Somerset, with the peacocks wandering across the well-kept grounds and three lovely trout ponds, where last night I brought home five very fine rainbow trout each weighing about one and a half pounds. You will be tired of the crowds. Slip away down to me and I will give you ten days or more of the best time you can get. There will be no side or style and your oldest clothes will be the thing."

"My husband and I should consider it an honor if during your visit to South London you would call and take a homely cup of tea with us. I read in the paper of your intention to stay at an old-fashioned inn, and should like to recommend the White Horse Inn at Sheen, which, I believe, is the oldest in Surrey. It certainly corresponds with your ideal. Welcome to your home town.—Jean D. Deschamps."

"WHEN you are really tired of the rush of London there is a very nice little place called Seaford, not very far from London, just a small place where you can have a real rest. No dressing up, etc., and then fishing, golf and tennis if you care for the same. You could put up at an hotel or here. There will be no one to worry you. Don't forget to drop us a line. Yours sincerely, E. M. W."

A London clubman, in offering hospitality, says: "I do not know you. You do not know me and probably don't want to. But just think it over and come and have a bit of lunch with me one day. This between ourselves—no publicity."

"Saint Pancras Municipal Officers' Swimming Club would be greatly honored by your presiding at our annual swimming gala to be held at the St. Pancras public baths."

Dorothy Cochrane, Upper North street, Poplar, asks: "Dear Mr. Chaplin, if you have a pair of your old boots at home will you throw them at me for luck?"

An aspirant for the position of secretary writes: "I am a musical comedy artist by profession, but I am at present out of work. I am six feet two inches in height and 27 years of age. If there is any capacity in which you can use my services I shall be very thankful. Hoping you will have an enjoyable stay in your home country."

A Barnes man writes: "If you have time we should be very proud if you could spare an afternoon to come to tea. We should love to give you a real old-fashioned Scotch tea, if you would care to come. We know how you will be feted and everyone will want you, but if you feel tired and want a wee rest come out quietly to us. If it wasn't for your dear funny ways on the screen during the war we would all have gone under."

"Dear Charles," writes an 11-year-old, "I'd like to meet you very, very much. I'd like to meet you just to say thank you for all the times you've cheered me up when I've felt down and miserable. I've never met you and I don't suppose I ever will, but you will always be my friend and helper. I'd love your photograph signed by you! Are you likely to come to Harrowgate? I wish you would. Perhaps you could come and see me. Couldn't you try?"

I WISH I could read them all, for in every one there is human feeling, and I wish it were possible that I could accept some of the invitations, especially those inviting me to quietness and solitude. But there are thousands too many. Most of them will have to be answered by my secretaries, but all of them will be answered, and we are taking trunkfuls of the letters back to California in order that as many of the requests as possible shall receive attention.

During the afternoon there came Donald Crisp, Tom Geraghty and the bunch, and before long my apartment in the London Ritz might just as well be home in Los Angeles. I realize that I am getting nowhere, meeting nobody and still playing in Hollywood.

I have traveled 6,000 miles and find I have not shaken the dust of Hollywood from my shoes. I resent this. I tell Knobloch I must meet other people besides Geraghty and the Hollywood bunch. I have seen as much as I want to see of it. Now I want to meet people.

Knobloch smiles, but he is too kind to remind me of my retreat before the nameplate of Bernard Shaw. He and I go shopping and I am measured for some clothes; then to lunch with E. V. Lucas.

Lucas is the editor of *Punch*, England's foremost humorous publication. A very charming man, sympathetic and sincere. He has written a number of very good novels. It is arranged to give me a party that night at the Garrick club.

After luncheon we visit Stoll's theatre, where *Shoulder Arms* and Mary Pickford's picture, *Suds*, are being shown. This is my first experience in an English cinema. The opera house is one that was built by Steinhouse and then turned into a movie theatre.

It is strange and odd to see the English audience drinking tea and eating pastry while watching the performance. I find very little difference in their appreciation of the picture. All the points get over just the same as in America. I get out without being recognized and am very thankful for that.

Back to the hotel and rest for the evening before my dinner at the Garrick club.

THE thought of dining at the Garrick club brought up before me the mental picture that I have always carried of that famous old meeting place in London, where art is most dignified. And the club itself realized my picture to the fullest.

Tradition and custom are so deep rooted there that I believe its routine would go on through sheer mechanics of spirit, even if its various employees should forget to show up some day. The corners seem almost peopled with the ghosts of Henry Irving and his comrades. There in one end of the gloomy old room is a chair in which David Garrick himself sat.

All those at the dinner were well known in art circles—E. V. Lucas, Walter Hackett, George Frampton, J. M. Barrie, Herbert Hammil, Edward Knobloch, Harry Graham, N. Nicholas, Nicholas D. Davies, Squire Bancroft and a number of others whose names I do not remember.

What an interesting character is Squire Bancroft. I am told that he is England's oldest living actor, and he is now retired. He does not look as though he should retire.

I am late and that adds to an embarrassment which started as soon as I knew I was to meet Barrie and so many other famous people.

There is Barrie. He is pointed out to me just about the time I recognized him myself. This is my primary reason for coming. To meet Barrie. He is a small man, with a dark mustache and a deeply marked, sad face, with heavily shadowed eyes. But I detect lines of humor lurking round his mouth. Cynical? Not exactly.

I catch his eye and make motions for us to sit together, and then find that the party had been planned that way anyhow. There is the inevitable hush for introductions. How I hate it. Names are the bane of my existence. Personalities, that's the thing.

But every one seems jovial except Barrie. His eyes look sad and tired. But he brightens as though all along there had been that hidden smile behind the mask. I wonder if they are all friendly toward me, or if I am just the curiosity of the moment.

THERE is an embarrassing pause after we have filed into the dining-room, which E. V. Lucas breaks.

"Gentlemen, be seated."

I felt almost like a minstrel man and the guests took their seats as simultaneously as though rehearsed for it.

I feel very uncomfortable mentally. I cough. What shall I say to Barrie? Why hadn't I given it some thought? I am aware that Squire Bancroft is seated at my other side. I feel as though I am in a vise with its jaws closing as the clock ticks. Why did I come? The atmosphere is so heavy, yet I am sure they all feel most hospitable toward me.

I steal a look at Squire Bancroft. The old tragedian looks every bit the eminent old-school actor. The dignity and tradition of the English stage is written into every line in his face. I remember Nicholson having said that the squire would not go to a "movie," that he regarded his stand as a principle. Then why is he here? He is going to be difficult, I fear.

He breaks the ice with the announcement that he had been to a movie that day! Coming from him it was almost a shock.

"Mr. Chaplin, the reading of the letter in *Shoulder Arms* was the high spot of the picture." This serious consideration from the man who would not go to the movies.

I wanted to kiss him. Then I learn that he had told every one not to say anything about his not having been to a movie for fear that it would offend me. He leans over and whispers his age and tells me he is the oldest member of the club. He doesn't look within ten years of his age. I find myself muttering inanities in answering him.

THEN Barrie tells me that he is looking for some one to play Peter Pan and says he wants me to play it. He bowls me over completely. To think that I was avoiding and afraid to meet such a man! But I am afraid to discuss it with him seriously, am on my guard because he may decide that I know nothing about it and change his mind.

Just imagine, Barrie has asked me to play Peter Pan. It is too big and grand to risk spoiling it by some chance witless observation, so I change the subject and let this golden opportunity pass. I have failed completely in my first skirmish with Barrie.

One ruddy gentleman whose occupation is a most serious one, I am told, that of building a giant memorial in White Hall to the dead of the late war, is reacting to the situation most flippantly. His conversation, which has risen to a pitch of almost hysterical volume, is most ridiculously comic. He is a delightful buffoon.

Everyone is laughing at his chatter, but nothing seems to be penetrating my stupidity, though I am carrying with me a wide mechanical grin, which I broaden and narrow with the nuances of the table laughter. I feel utterly out of the picture, that I don't belong, that there must be something significant in the bandinage that is bandied about the board.

Barrie is speaking again about moving pictures. I must understand. I summon all of my scattered faculties to bear upon what he is saying. What a peculiarly shaped head he has.

He is speaking of the *Kid*, and I feel that he is trying to flatter me. But how he does it! He is criticizing the picture.



He is very severe. He declares that the "heaven" scene was entirely unnecessary, and why did I give it so much attention? And why so much of the mother in the picture, and why the meeting of the mother and the father? All of these things he is discussing analytically and profoundly, so much so that I find that my feeling of self-consciousness is rapidly leaving me.

I FIND myself giving my side of the argument without hesitation, because I am not so sure that Barrie is right, and I had reasons, good reasons, for wanting all those things in the picture. But I am thrilled at his interest and appreciation and it is borne in upon me that by discussing dramatic construction with me he is paying a very gracious and subtle compliment. It is sweet of him. It relieves me of the last vestige of my embarrassment.

"But, Sir James," I am saying, "I cannot agree with you——" Imagine the metamorphosis. And our discussion continues easily and pleasantly. I am aware of his age as he talks and I get more of his spirit of whimsicality.

The food is being served and find that E. V. Lucas has provided a treacle pudding, a particular weakness of mine, to which I do justice. I am wondering if Barrie resents age, he who is so youthful in spirit.

There seems to be lots of fun in the general buffoonery that is going on around the table, but despite all efforts to the contrary I am serving a diet of silence. I feel very colorless, that the whole conversation that is being shouted is colorless.

I am a good audience. I laugh at anything and dare not speak. Why can't I be witty? Are they trying to draw me out? Is it phony? Maybe I am wrong and there is a purpose behind this buffoonery. But I hardly know whether to retaliate in kind, or just grin.

I am dying for something to happen. Lucas is rising. We all feel the tension. Why are parties like that? It ends.

Barrie is whispering, "Let's go to my apartment for a drink and a quiet talk," and I begin to feel that things are most worth while. Knoblock and I walk with him to Adelphia terrace, where his apartment overlooks the Thames embankment.

Somehow his apartment seems just like him but I cannot convey the resemblance in a description of it. The first thing you see is a writing desk in a huge room beautifully furnished, and with dark wood paneling. Simplicity and comfort are written everywhere. There is a large Dutch fireplace in the right side of the room, but the outstanding piece of furniture is a tiny kitchen stove in one corner. It is polished to such a point that it takes the aspect of the ornamental rather than the useful. He explains that on this he makes his tea when servants are away. Such a touch, perhaps, just the touch to suggest Barrie.

Our talk drifts to the movies and Barrie tells me of the plans for filming *Peter Pan*. We are on very friendly ground in this discussion and find myself giving Barrie ideas for plays while he is giving me ideas for movies, many of them suggestions that I can use in comedies. It is a great chatfest.

There is a knock at the door. Gerald DuMaurier is calling. He

The interviewers at the Ritz, London.

is one of England's greatest actors and the son of the man who wrote *Trilby*. Our party lasts far into the night, until about 3 in the morning. I notice that Barrie looks rather tired and worn, so we leave, walking with DuMaurier up the Strand. He tells us that Barrie is not himself since his nephew was drowned, that he has aged considerably.

We walk slowly back to the hotel and to bed.

NEXT day there is a card from Bruce Brainsfather, England's famous cartoonist, whose work during the war brought him international success, inviting me to tea. He carries me out into the country, where I have a lovely time. His wife tells me that he is just a bundle of nerves and that he never knows when to stop working. I ask what H. G. Wells is like and Bruce tells me that he is like "Wells" and no one else.

When I get back to the hotel there is a letter from Wells.

"Do come over. I've just discovered that you are in town. Do you want to meet Shaw? He is really very charming out of the limelight. I suppose you are overwhelmed with invitations, but if there is a chance to get hold of you for a talk, I will be charmed. How about a week-end with me at Easton, free from publicity and with harmless, human people. No phones in the house."

I lost no time in accepting such an invitation.

There is a big luncheon party on among my friends and I am told that a party has been arranged to go through the Limehouse district with Thomas Burke who wrote *Limehouse Nights*. I resent it exceedingly and refuse to go with a crowd to meet Burke. I revolt against the constant crowding. I hate crowds.

London and its experiences are telling on me and I am nervous and unstrung. I must see Burke and go with him alone. He is the one man who sees London through the same kind of glasses as myself. I am told that Burke will be disappointing because he is so silent, but I do not believe that I will be disappointed in him.

Robinson tells the crowd of my feelings and how much I have planned on this night alone with Burke, and the party is called off. We phone Burke and I make an engagement to meet him at his home that evening at 10 o'clock. We are to spend the night together in Limehouse. What a prospect!

THAT night I was at Thomas Burke's ahead of time. The prospect of a night spent in the Limehouse district with the author of *Limehouse Nights* was as alluring as Christmas morning to a child.

Burke is so different from what I expected. *Limehouse Nights* had led me to look for some one physically, as well as mentally, big, though I had always pictured him as mild-mannered and tremendously human and sympathetic.

I notice even as we are introduced that Burke looks tired and it is hard to think that this little man with the thin, peaked face and sensitive features is the same one who has blazed into literature such elemental lusts, passions and emotions as characterize his short stories.

I am told that he doesn't give out much. I wonder just who he is like. He is very curious. Doesn't seem to be noticing anything that goes on about him. He just sits with his arm to his face, leaning on his hand and gazing into the fire. As he sits there, apparently unperturbed and indifferent, I am warming up (Continued on Page 56.)

CHAPTER XIII

Portrayal

WHAT is screen technique?

Screen technique, according to Miss Swanson, star of *Beyond the Rocks*, is the art-science of pantomimic expression, whereby thought is conveyed by the actions and expressions of the player to the audience. It is an art because the good actor or actress, like the artist, must be naturally gifted or talented with the ability to portray the various human emotions. In other words, the actor or actress, like the writer, is born, not made. It is a science, because, with this latent talent as a foundation, the professional must apply certain laws in the expression of same, and gain a knowledge of the principles which govern its correct utility.

One of the fundamental laws in the expression of histrionic talent, as practiced by this Paramount star in her work in *Beyond the Rocks* and in other pictures, is what she very practically terms as "spacing," or "timing." For instance, in the very tensely emotional love scenes between Miss Swanson and Rudolph Valentino in the roles of *Theodora* and *Lord Bracondale*, respectively, the full import and effect of these scenes would have been partly lost and the scenes weakened had they not been timed correctly. When *Bracondale* makes his emotional love plea to *Theodora*, and she falteringly remonstrates, he replies with still more ardent pleas and she yields to his embrace—just so much time or screen space must elapse between each of these four emotional high lights in order that the audience may grasp the full effect of each. They must not be jumbled or run together. Nor must too much space intervene to weaken the psychological strength of the idea. To gauge this spacing properly is one of the laws of screen technique. Get one idea over and let it "soak in" with the audience before presenting the next. It is interesting to observe this scene in the picture to detect "timing."

And now we come to another keynote in the science of histrionism or screen technique. How is one to know just how best to express these certain ideas that are to be conveyed and just the exact amount of space or time that should separate them?

The player, Miss Swanson explains, must lose himself in the characters which he portrays.

Gloria Swanson ceases to be Gloria Swanson with the beginning of work on *Beyond the Rocks* and becomes *Theodora Brown*. In the same way, Rudolph Valentino veritably lives the role of *Lord Bracondale*.

Mental ideas are the foundation of all physical expression. From a thought emanates the physical manifestations identifying that thought and of which it is the nucleus—the controlling energy, the life spark.

To overcome the difficulties arising from lack of chronological sequence of scenes, the player must keep his character thoroughly in mind at all times, even though he films his last scene first.

If he is thoroughly imbued with the character he is playing, he will act as that character would naturally act at all times, and under all conditions, and at the same time will realize just how that character would be affected by certain ideas or thoughts and will naturally apply the correct technique and give the proper amount of spacing between the ideas expressed.

Behind the Camera with A Life History of a Photoplay

By MELVIN M.

CHAPTER XIV

Cinematography

IN picturizing the story *Beyond the Rocks* the most essential technical agency is the motion-picture camera. In this chapter will be briefly discussed this wonderful invention and its relation to the picture which we have studied in its various phases.

To begin with, the camera served as the seed of a remarkable new industry which in a few years has grown and expanded until it now ranks as the fifth largest in size.

Without this little machine there would have been no motion picture industry. The skillful operation of the camera and a study of the various conditions of photographic lighting, composition and angles under which the best and most desired results can be obtained has created the trained expert operator known as the cameraman.

The camera artist—and artist is a term that can be advisedly used in this connection—who photographed *Beyond the Rocks* is Alfred Gilks, who has served in this capacity during the production of every Paramount picture directed by Sam Wood.

In photographing this picture, Mr. Gilks employed all the various general possibilities of the camera, such as fade-ins, fade-outs, visions, etc., as will be observed by any audience watching the picture. Upon the various distances from the camera lens to the action in progress in a scene, depend the designations known as

close-ups, semi-close-ups, long shots, inserts, and a study of the picture as it is projected, will also illustrate these various camera angles as here explained.

The long shot is a scene in which the camera is set up some distance from the characters. Such a shot or scene generally shows the entire setting and establishes the background in the minds of the audience. Then as the action progresses, the camera is moved up closer to the characters, often dividing them into factions, and showing the action of only one or two, and then refocussed to record what another faction is doing and the effect of the action of the first on the second, and vice versa. The close-up is a yet closer range from characters to lens and generally shows only the face or part of the figure or figures or one or more players. The close-up is very often limited to one or at the most two figures or players, and presents the features of the player or players in such a large form that the thoughts and actions of that player or players are more readily discernible to the minds of the audience.

Illustrating these various camera angles are the scenes in the Versailles Gardens. The sequence opens with a long shot establishing the entire vision scene in the gardens, showing the court of Louis XV promenading through the garden. Two of the characters sit on a stone bench. The scene ends and is immediately followed by a closer-up scene of these two characters, which prove to be Rodolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson. Between these two scenes, the camera has been moved up closer so as to include only these two characters within the

ACTING, photography, lighting and the functions of a studio laboratory are explained in this installment of a "close-up" study of Elinor Glyn's *BEYOND THE ROCKS*. Avoidance of technical terms makes these articles particularly popular among laymen who have long wondered at the great task of co-ordination that is demanded in a finished photoplay.

Elinor Glyn

RIDDLE

scope of the focus. Then there are yet closer-up scenes as Valentino makes love to Swanson, followed by individual close-ups of each, as each expresses the tension and passion of the moment and reveals what is taking place within the heart and soul of the character. Then the setting goes back to a series of longer shots perhaps, continuing with the general action.

The insert is a close view of some object or property in the picture, such as a photograph, a letter or other article necessary or important to the plot of the story. The letter which *Theodora* writes to *Lord Brondale* and which is received through the machinations of a jealous woman by *Josiah Brown*, *Theodora's* husband, is flashed upon the screen in such large form that it may easily be read by the audience. This is known as an "insert."

The cameraman supervised the lighting of all the scenes for the picture, for to the varying degrees and intensities of the light are due an important share of the psychological and dramatic effect of the scenes and the ideas thereby conveyed.

CHAPTER XV

Photographic Illumination

ARTIFICIAL illumination in motion picture photography has become the order of the day, replacing the early dependence on the sun. In the present advanced stage of production, artificial illumination is a necessity to the many effects and the smooth even lighting now secured.

In a discussion of photographic illumination let us observe just what effects are wanted by the cameraman and electricians, and then show the various kinds of lighting paraphernalia employed to obtain these effects.

In the first place, a prime, flat even illumination of the setting is necessary. At the Paramount studio, where *Beyond the Rocks* was filmed, the Klieglight system of illumination is used. Big double Klieglights furnish this prime illumination. These consist of a carbon arc with dulled reflectors and the light is diffused through ribbed glass or semi-opaque silk curtain diffusers. These spread the light out evenly, cutting out sharp rays and producing a soft, even light, rich in actinic or photographic value.

Now, with the set lighted with this prime light, it will be found that a need arises for another more penetrating light beam, to be focused on the various principals to give a better perspective and make them look more lifelike. Otherwise the characters will blend in flat against the backgrounds and perspective will be lost. To meet this need the spotlight is used. These are arrayed up on the top of the wall of the set and focussed down on the heads of Mr. Valentino, Miss Swanson and other players. The rays from the spotlight are more condensed and direct than the even light from the prime Klieglights.

For sunlight and moonlight effect, the big Sun Arcs or



This moonlight effect is gained by the use of the Sun Arc.

General Electric searchlights are used. These are mammoth lights with powerful reflectors and throw a beam sufficiently strong to stand out in contrast to the even lighting of the flat prime illumination.

The electrical energy for this lighting is supplied through an extensive wiring system, connected to the stages by safety wall switch boxes. Cables are plugged to these switch boxes and connect with a portable switchboard, large enough to accommodate all the lighting equipment for an average sized setting. The wiring system connects with the studio electrical plant, which consists of several large generators, recently installed, a set of large transformers, a twenty-three hundred-volt board, a low tension switchboard and other equipment.

For the night scenes away from the studio, the equipment includes a mammoth portable generator plant, mounted on a large automobile truck. This plant is taken right to the spot where the exterior night scenes are to be made and there generates the current for the lights in as large quantities as needed.

Some of the properties of the picture involve unique lighting arrangements. For instance, the fires in the grates in the settings where such are seen are illuminated from a concealed carbon arc or set of carbon arcs. The natural flames would not register like flame on the screen, but would be dark, photographically, because of the low actinic value of yellow flame. But these flames, when illuminated by the blue light from the carbon arc, photograph perfectly.

Stand lamps and other lighting properties and devices are also fitted up with carbon arcs in the place of incandescent bulbs as the latter would not give out a light sufficiently strong in contrast to the prime set lighting, to register in the eye of the camera.

CHAPTER XVI

In the Laboratory

THERE are three steps in motion picture photography. These are the actual exposure of the film, the development of that negative film, and the printing of positive film from the original negative.

It is the work of the laboratory to take our picture through the second and third or chemical stages just mentioned.

First, let us understand perfectly, just what negative and positive film are. Negative film is that which is passed through the camera and exposed, recording the scenes as enacted by the players, and corresponds to the negative of a photograph or kodak snapshot. Positive film is that which is printed from the negative, and projected upon the screen through a projection machine. This type of film corresponds to the paper photograph or kodak print, except that in substance it is film instead of paper, so that when projected it will be reflected in a magnified form to the screen, due to its transparency, which enables the light to pass through. As many positive prints as desired can be printed from the one original negative, which is carefully preserved.

Each day the cameraman took the negative exposed film upon which scenes had been registered and delivered these "takes" to the laboratory, which then began its work. Let us observe the various operations on this negative film as it makes its way through the laboratory.

The negative goes into the laboratory in

four-hundred-foot rolls. In dark rooms these rolls are passed through a developing and then a fixing fluid and are then dried on large revolving drums on which the film is wound. The developed negative is then placed in direct contact with a strip of raw positive film, exposed to light, and the exposed positive is then put through developing and fixing baths in a manner similar to the negative. The positive is then wound on racks and dipped in large tanks of the proper colored tints, which have been designated at the end of each scene by the key number plate which has been photographed right on to the end of the scene. These tints include amber, blue, red, etc., and act as an agency to increase the psychological effect of the scene. A night scene, for instance, is tinted blue and when projected upon the screen a better night effect is obtained. A scene involving a fire is tinted red, and this general tint of the entire scene heightens the effect upon an audience.

The positive is then wound on large drying drums and dried, after which it is rolled up again into compact rolls. Every day these operations go on with the scenes made the day previous on our picture, and at the end of the day's work, director Sam Wood, Madam Glyn, Miss Swanson, Mr. Valentino, the cameraman, and others of the staff and cast of principals, assemble in the projection room and view on the screen these scenes made the foregoing day. The director then indicates his approval or disapproval of the scenes. If he doesn't like a certain scene, he stages what is known as a "retake" of that scene and discards the one already made. He also passes upon the quality of the printing, etc.

The daily "ok'd" negative is stored in a vault reserved for that particular picture. When photographing is all completed the director takes all the positive scenes and, guided by the key numbers, corresponding to the scene numbers in the scenario, and photographed on the end of each scene, assembles the many scenes into one continuous strip. When this first print has been cut and titled and is in its final, completed shape, it is used as a guide for cutting the negative film, and from this completed negative as many prints of the picture as are needed for distribution throughout the country, are struck.

Within the laboratory are several girl operators who project all positive film on a tiny screen and observe and mark all flaws, scratches, bad prints and other defects in the film. All such defects are removed and new positives made to substitute therefor. The film is then highly polished.

The time generally consumed to put a strip of film through all the laboratory processes and deliver it to the director, for projection, is about two hours, but in cases of emergency or rush, the film can be put through in one hour.

Next month Mr. Riddle will explain interesting phases of film exploitation in his concluding installment of this series of articles.

Carbon arcs, hidden beneath the logs, illuminate the flames.





CONFESSIONS of a STAR INTERVIEWER

By
AN UNREPENTANT ONE

WHEN I was four years old, I knew every blessed letter in the alphabet. Consequently, my proud family prepared me for a literary career. But alas! The bend of the twig does not guide the growth of the tree. Because I am twenty-something years old and I have never "put across" a real story. Nearly every fiction editor in America has rejected my manuscripts.

So, I may not be a great author—yet, at least. But I do lay proud claim to this fact: I am a practical opportunist. For every plot that the fiction editors sent back to me I have "dressed up" and I have sold and re-sold them to the movie magazines as *interviews*!

My ethical conscience doesn't keep me awake night, either. I am not doing any harm. It is wrong to write deceitful news, but my little imaginative anecdotes of screen celebrities—gee, they don't hurt anybody. Interviews give the stars good publicity and they entertain the readers. So remorse doesn't urge me to "confess" thus. It's the good old-fashioned greenback that calls to me. Another payment on my shiny, new coupe is due next week and every little bit helps.

Some of my colleagues—other interviewers—would call me a Judas if they knew I was bawling out the "profesh" this way. But what's the difference? Nothing will kill the interview market. There's a daily crop of poor dears who eat 'em up—honeyed words and elemental platitudes and all.

Do not get the idea that interviewers are utter knothheads. A good interviewer must have idcas. Somebody has to have 'em and the stars are too busy.

So I buzz around in my little old Lizzie and watch the barometer of the stars' popularity ebb and flow—(always allowing that barometers ebb and flow). Sometimes I meet and talk with a star in the flesh. Other times I get an earful from

their publicity men. Then I doll up the facts, sprinkle in some fancy paragraphs from my turned-down fiction stories, and lo—another interview!

I have to pick on popular stars. An interview with a dud isn't worth a nickel. It isn't so much what we write as who we write about that brings the pretty checks to the old mail box. Of course, when a star like Valentino is interviewed so much, we have to scratch deep to find something to tell the waiting fans.

There is a reason why we interviewers sometimes spin a yarn about a player although we may never have seen him. There are many demands on their time. Always a throng of sensation-hunters surround a star, in public. One has to have an especially good line to stand out in the crowd.

I saw Ethel Clayton at an afternoon reception. It was too good a chance to pass up. I went over to her, perched on the arm of her chair and told her I was from *Screenland* and that I wanted an interview. She was just as sweet as she could be. I said *Screenland* because it popped into my head first and I wanted to identify myself somehow to make the required impression. I had a lovely talk with Miss Clayton, but, darn it, *Screenland* rejected the interview.

My family is awfully proud of me. They are coming out to Los Angeles next winter to live and I suppose the good ancestor will want to shake hands with Doug Fairbanks and my kid brother will want to be Chaplin's next Jackie Coogan, and mother will ask me all sorts of questions about the "celebs" that I shan't be able to answer. I'll have to polish up on some of this gossip stuff. I swear I don't know the color of Gloria Swanson's eyes and I have to admit that I can't remember whether Wesley Barry has ever been married or knot. (My, what a sense of humor that woman has!)

HERE is an article by a girl who admits she failed in literature. But she is making good at interviewing. Her contribution is one of the most unusual that has appeared in this remarkable series.

Will some gentle reader please explain to me the mysterious appeal of stagecraft? Why are actors and actresses regarded as curious? Surely, their calling is no more spectacular than many other callings—not half so exciting and dangerous as some.

I wonder if you follow me? Here's an anecdote to explain what I mean:

House Peters, the leading man, is an old-time trouper who visited nearly every part of the world before he came to the movies. I met him one day in his dressing room. He was affable as could be and began to tell me about the good old days on the gasoline circuit.

"I worked my passage from Melbourne to Liver-

pool one season by shelling peas," he admitted, with a reminiscent chuckle. Well, I wrote the story about House Peters shelling his way across the deep blue sea and the yarn made a hit. Great stuff. Ha!

But why should the world be spellbound because H. Peters once shelled peas? I have a big brother who is as popular a traveling salesman who ever bunked on a sample table. He has hundreds of friends—in every tank town between San Francisco and Boston. But he could shell peas until he was black in the face and not a line of it would get in the papers. Nobody would get a kick out of it even if some nut editor *would print it*. What's the answer, will you tell me?

I am making more money than any girl of my age that I

know. But I have an ambition. I do not want to be an interviewer forever. I'm saving my money—yes, even in Hollywood—and little Georgia W. me is going to look in the bookstore windows some day and see her name on a best seller. My imagination is getting more limber all the time and some of these days I'm going to blossom out as a regular writer. All I need is a bank account to support the rejection slips for a few moons. I am studying Spanish, you know. I am going to Mexico and wear a skirt of Mexican jumping beans and come back all soaked up with atmosphere. I think that the dawning trade boom with Mexico will make that piece of the map the next big fertile fiction field. The Northwest and the South Seas are about worked out,

don't you think?

P. S.—Something tells me that to give this little confession of mine the proper feminine touch that I must add a post-script. Since writing the preceding, I paused at a newsstand to look over the week's crop of new issues. (I told you I was

saving my money, you know.) And I saw two stories about stars, in big, national magazines—not movie magazines, either—that were written by *the stars' press agents*! Nearly everything that is printed uses movie articles now. The Saturday Evening Post is full of it and the Ladies Home Journal and a dozen others. Maybe there's a chance for me to become a real writer by staying right where I am. Maybe I won't go to Mexico, after all.

"I told Ethel Clayton that I was from SCREENLAND and she was just as sweet as she could be. I had a lovely talk with her. But, darn it, SCREENLAND rejected the interview!"

—Photo by Melbourne Spurr.



OPIE READ VISITS THE SET



Opie Read

OPIE READ said:

"You know, I have always found in meeting famous people that the truly great ones are marked by an utter simplicity of manner. Doug hasn't a bit of vanity. I have never met a more wholesome personality. I have never been any place where I felt more at home."

*The great
novelist gets
acquainted
with
Douglas
Fairbanks*



Douglas Fairbanks

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS said:

"Gee, that's a Man! Did you ever see such simplicity of manner and such a delightful personality? No wonder I always enjoy his books. I wish I could have had more time with him."

Overheard by M. LEWIS RUSSELL

THE silver and blue spires of Nottingham Village, its quaint houses and fascinating nooks, always intrigue my fancy; once upon its cobbled streets in the shadow of its moss-covered walls, I am lost in the maze of medieval dreams. I had wandered into a picturesque inn, its three-legged stools and queer little tables all wary after the excitement of an hour before. I climbed a narrow, twisting stair that wound right into the wall—a wall with grotesque, barbaric sketchings on its stones—and then, through a window-slit I looked down, at the sound of voices, and—saw them!

They were standing before a huge forge, whereon a mighty blacksmith mended a heavy suit of mail. (The atmosphere of Anglo-Saxon days so permeates that village and my associations with it, that even when I write about it I fain would slip back into the vernacular of Friar Tuck!)

Before the forge stood Douglas Fairbanks, the Earl of Huntingdon, and with him his honored guest—Opie Read! Mrs. Read was there, too—I used to know the Reads—and I was just in time to hear him say to her, "Just look at the weight of that iron bar—and see here—this armor is the real stuff!"

"Like it?" asked Doug. "For men engaged in riding combats we have lighter suits—a combination of hemp and metal that gives them more freedom—see, here is one."

"Now that is wonderful stuff—that is real art. It takes more art to create such materials than it took to create these clumsy, heavy protectors!—I feel just like I was back in the middle ages—. You know, you have produced a remarkable atmosphere here. Why that huge iron-barred door to the inn is big and heavy enough for the sternest castle!"

Doug must have enjoyed the sincerity of these comments. He turned and led the way across the lot, over a draw-bridge, into the castle itself.

These sets always take my breath away—so I was not surprised by their effect on Opie Read. He stopped, and gazed spell-bound. No words could have paid higher tribute to the beauty and grandeur of the architecture before him. But Opie Read could not be silent long!

"How big *are* those columns, anyway?" he cried.

"Twelve feet around, sixty feet high to the capitals, with a ceiling one hundred and sixty feet high. This hall is over six hundred feet long—"

"I've been in lots of studios, but I never saw as big a set as this," exclaimed the veteran writer and lecturer. "Did you copy any special castle?"

"No. No ancient castle now standing in England would serve here. They are too modern. And we did not want a castle stone for stone like any specific castle, anyway," Doug responded.

"You see," he went on, observing the understanding glance of Opie Read, "since Robin Hood embodies the spirit of chivalry, this castle should be emblematic of chivalry—immense in size—a fitting residence for Richard the Lion-hearted—substantial, immensely so, yet suggestive of an elusive, fairy quality."

"You got it!"

"Good! Glad you think so! Come on over and meet my director, Mr. Dwan, Mrs. Woods and Dr. Woods—now we'll go over to the art department."

Carpenters and "props" were working all around us; as they passed it was, "'lo Doug," "Say, Doug, lookit this a minute," "Gonna be back, Doug?"

We went over to the art shop, passing through great archways and under velvet-draped castle balconies. Wilfred Buckland was not there, but Irving Martin was, and he showed us black-and-white paintings that resembled Maxfield Parrish pictures in their idealized

(Continued on Page 62.)

The LOVE PIRATE

a mystery tale told by the STARS



WHAT would you do if you were director of a motion picture company on an uninhabited island "location," and the beautiful girl star and the leading man disappeared? This is the situation that confronts Mortimer Grattan (Thomas Meighan) in this mystery story told by the stars. Betty Compson, Thomas Meighan and Eddie Sutherland, with other Paramount players, also have illustrated their story with posed photographs, as the characters they describe. Frank X. Finnegan, Paramount title writer and well-known novelist, began this tale and the concluding installment by him will appear in SCREENLAND next month.

CHAPTER VII

The Cave Girl

BACK at camp, Grattan and the others waited through the night with the hope of Truesdale's return.

With the arrival of daylight, the director called Tom and "Hap" to him and said:

"This can't go on—we've got to do something."

"I should say so," declared Tom.

"But what will we do?" asked "Hap." "You gave Truesdale a chance to play a lone hand and he may be succeeding—or maybe he's been caught in the trap. I'm for anything that will solve this mystery."

"Someone must stay here," decided Grattan. "A vessel of some kind may pass and see the signal I've rigged up. We must not take a chance of missing it. At the same time I hate to leave only one man with Eleanor."

"I'll tell you," cried the girl emerging at that moment from the tent, "take me along and leave one of the boys here—I'd much rather be doing something."

Grattan shook his head. "We don't know what we'll run into," he observed, "and you're safer here."

Grattan thought a moment. "I think I've got the best idea. You three stay here and let me do a little reconnoitering. I won't go far and I'll fire a shot from my revolver if anything happens—then you can follow."

The others put up a strong protesting argument but the director was not to be deterred from his plan and reluctantly they watched him go.

"If this keeps on," said Tom Lee, disgustedly, "we'll all be gone and there'll be nobody to rescue."

"Hap" was silent, and Eleanor—thinking of Vera and Truesdale, for both of whom she felt a strong affection and in the case of the latter, possibly something more—could not restrain her tears.

Meanwhile Grattan, taking the course pursued by Truesdale the night before, had long since vanished around the curve of the shore line and was proceeding cautiously as had his predecessor, when from behind a boulder appeared the shaggy head of Goff. The director had never seen the creature but from the description given by Eleanor and Truesdale knew it was the moron. He held his revolver ready but did not menace the strange creature, who with a whine and bashful demeanor, much like a dog that does not know whether it is going to be petted or kicked, sidled up to him.

"I'm only old Goff, I am," whimpered the odd being. "I never done nobody no harm. Who be you?"

"I'm the boss of this outfit—do you know where the others are—the girl and——"

Goff winked prodigiously and smirked like a simpering schoolgirl.

"He-he," he giggled, "Goff knows a lot; Goff's no fool, only he's been abused. How

much'll you pay if he takes you where your friends are bein' kep'?"

"Five dollars," promptly answered Grattan, pulling out a bill and waving it temptingly before the half-wit.

"Five dollars—heap o' money," the other gurgled, "heap of money for poor old Goff what never had nothin' but kicks. You come along o' me, mister. I'll find your friends for you, you jest trust poor old Goff."

He turned and made for the rocks inland, climbing like a goat.

Grattan had all he could do to follow and at the top of a small ledge he stopped.

"See here," he said, "you mean they're inland—not along the coast?"

"Old Goff knows—over in the rocks—he-he—rocks and rocks and rocks—got a cave," he added mysteriously. "Robber's cave with fine jools an' money. Goff knows—he's seen 'em."

"Seen what?" demanded the director; "the money or the robbers?"

"Both," blinked the moron; "both."

"Well, go on—I'll follow you. If you lead me astray, I'll either take a shot at you or break your head. And you won't get the five dollars, either."

"Poor old Goff—never hurt nobody," whined the skin-clad man. "You trust old Goff."

For an hour or more the director did follow him—over rocks and through underbrush—away from the coast and the hidden harbor where, unknown to him, lay the *Wasp*. He had his misgivings, of course, but it seemed like a lead worth following and he had no fear of Goff.

It was noonday when the half-wit suddenly stopped and in a low voice, said:

"Got to keep quiet now—we're purty nigh the cave."

Silently they advanced through a rock defile and came quite suddenly to a little basin, where the grass had formed a veritable lawn and flowers grew in rich profusion. It was a regular island paradise, and despite his anxiety, Grattan could not

NOTE.—Now, what I want to know is, who's the villain of this piece? All along I've suspected Truesdale, but he seems to be playing the part of a hero in some measure. Anyway, he has been left on my hands, so to speak, insensible. There is a girl's scream to be accounted for and a lot of unknown miscreants in a cabin; also a vanished captain and crew. Well, maybe I can mix things up a bit more—and leave Mr. Finnegan, who, I understand, is to finish the yarn, with something to explain. At any rate, I'll do my best.

THOMAS MEIGHAN.

help thinking what a fine location it would make for a picture sequence.

A lot of boulders piled upon one another by the giant hand of nature formed a natural "backdrop" for the setting and in the midst of these was a dark opening.

"He-he," whispered the half-wit, "old Goff's cute. There's your robber's cave and we're safe—robbers ain't here—but there's the gal—there's the gal!"

To Grattan's utter amazement there emerged from a little winding passage between the boulders—at the far end of the basin—a girl clad in skins and with her hair, plentiful and richly black, flung over her shoulders!

For a moment the director believed it might be Vera, but at once knew it was not, for Vera was a blonde.

"That's not the girl I'm looking for," said Grattan, but the half-wit was jumping up and down in glee.

"Hello, hello," he cried; "here's old Goff, my dear, old Goff and a nice man come to pay you a call."

The girl glanced quickly up and gave a start of alarm.

But she did not seem inclined to run. Instead, she came forward quietly, the director noting as she advanced the beauty of her face, even though tanned to the shade of a mulatto by the sun and exposure.

"Father," she cried, "who is this?"

"All right, daughter," responded the moron. "He's looking for the other gal and the robbers. I know they're here."

The girl, with a pitying smile and a look at Grattan which seemed to speak volumes, took the half-wit's hand and led him over to the cave.

"Go in there and rest," she said in a tone of command which was like one would use toward a child. "I'll talk to this strange gentleman."

Certainly, thought the director, however mad the father might be, the daughter was of sound mind—but what was she doing here?

Once the half-wit was in the cave—he had obeyed the girl without a whimper—she turned to the director.

"If you will pardon my appearance, I would like to hear what you are looking for——"

Her speech was that of an educated person and Grattan wondered.

There could be no harm, however, in telling her the truth, so he outlined all that had happened since their landing on the island.

She listened quietly.

"I may be able to help you," she declared, when he had finished the recital.

"First tell me about yourself," he begged. "I can't understand at all."

"I don't blame you," she replied, with a smile that displayed beautiful teeth. "But after all—it is simple. My poor father became—as you see him—two years ago. He was, however hard it may be for you to believe it, a writer of fiction. He became imbued with the idea—obsession—that he was one of the characters he created, a half-wit named Goff. The doctors could do nothing for him and advised that he be



"He held his revolver ready but did not menace the strange creature."
Photo posed by Thomas Meighan

put in an asylum. But he was harmless and to escape having him committed, we came to this island, which we had discovered during a cruise some years before. I don't know who it belongs to. It suffices for our needs. Father does some fishing and sells to a chap named Manuel Gonsalves, a Portuguese who puts in occasionally. He may have a headquarters on the other side of the island. I don't know for I haven't been there for two years. We landed on this side. A friend of my father's who was in the secret brought us in his private yacht. He also makes periodic trips here with supplies for us."

"But you—why do you live here like a——"

"Modern wild girl?" she finished, smiling. "Well, because I like it; because I cannot leave father. Because my own health was bad until I began to live this way—now look at me."

Grattan did look, admiringly. Certainly it needed no second glance to prove that she was in perfect health.

"But now," she said, "your story. I think Gonsalves, whom I despise, is at the bottom of it. Father labors under the belief that there is a great treasure here and that the robbers make this their retreat. You see," she said, with a little catch in her voice, "he is hopelessly insane."

"But—but what can we do?" asked Grattan, a trifle nonplussed.

"Wait—a moment, please."

The girl left him and penetrated the cave. A moment later she emerged with a faded photograph—the kind known to

picture folk as a "fan" photo, such as are sent to admirers who write for them. It was a picture of Vera Shelby!

"This is the young lady who is missing?" she asked.

"Yes, but how did you get that?"

"Wait! Gonsalves left it once. He has seen her on the screen time and again and is madly, desperately infatuated with her. I heard him swear to get her. There is your motive. I always encouraged him in his infatuation for her because once he used to make advances to me and I was afraid of him. Now that is changed. Understand—he is a man of education; a man of imagination—what he does I do not know. Perhaps he is a smuggler."

"Well, I'll be—hanged," said Grattan. He looked at the photo and at the girl.

"What is your name?" he asked, suddenly.

"I will not tell you my last name—it—my father's, you understand—is on the cover of many a well-known 'best seller'—you'd not think it now; he has even learned to talk like 'Goff'—this creature of his imagination. My first name, though, is Dolores——"

Grattan felt a sudden surge of pity for the girl. Again he compared the features of the two and was forced to admit that however beautiful Vera Shelby might be, the island girl was even more lovely. And he wondered.

CHAPTER VIII

The Lifting Curtain

WHEN Truesdale came to his senses

he was first cognizant of a bad headache. Next he realized that it was daylight and that he was in a rough cot in the shanty. As he opened his eyes the first thing they rested upon was Vera, standing in the doorway.

So amazed was he that he started up, only to find that he was bound hand and foot.

The girl turned and seeing that he was awakened, came over to him. There seemed to be no one else at hand and she was evidently quite free to do as she wished. He could not, of course, know that nearby squatted a villainous looking Yaqui half-breed, armed with a musket.

"Oh, Willard," cried Vera, "you have come to at last. I feared you would never regain your senses."

"What—what does it mean?" he asked feebly. "Aren't you a prisoner? The last thing I recall was hearing you scream——"

"I screamed because they told me that one of my friends was spying and that they were going out to 'get' him," said Vera. "Yes, I'm a prisoner, all right. So are you, for the door is guarded and Gonsalves will soon return."

"Who is Gonsalves? The leader of this gang?"

"Yes; they overpowered Capt. Hansen and his men and stole me from the shack that night. Then they took me aboard and brought the *Wasp* here."

"But why—what for?"

To his surprise, she blushed furiously.

"I hate to tell," she confessed, "but the truth is, Gonsalves is simply mad about me. He has been as kind to me as if I

were a queen. He hasn't dared even to lay his little finger on me; he worships me—because he has seen me on the screen and become infatuated."

"For heaven's sake! But what daring! He has stolen a boat—abducted you—overpowered and kept prisoner several men—why he could be sent up for life."

"He doesn't seem to be afraid. He is a very wealthy and very intelligent Portuguese—not from the Azores or some of those islands but from Lisbon. And—Willard—he is very handsome."

"Vera," cried Truesdale, "I believe you actually admire this—cutthroat."

"Perhaps I do admire him—he is a brave man—but I hate him as well."

"Admire him! Brave man?" the actor sniffed. "I think he's an infernal scoundrel! Wish I could see him to tell him so!"

"At your service, senor," said a soft, well-modulated voice, "you may say what you like."

In the doorway, now open, stood a tall, well-built and very good-looking man of perhaps 40. He was dressed in a natty yachting costume. He had crisp curling black hair and his face was dark as a Spaniard's.

"You damned dog!" shouted Truesdale, straining at his bonds, "you're Gonsalves, are you? I wish I was free—I'd show you a thing or two!"

"As for that, you may be free if you wish, but I strongly advise that you restrain yourself. It will

do you no good and you might regret it. I have something to say to you. Miss Shelby—will you oblige me by leaving us alone for a few moments? 'Tony, outside, will

see that you come to no harm."

With a queer look at the two men, Vera went outside and the door closed.

"Now," said Gonsalves, in a low voice, "I have a proposition. In the first place, I love Miss Shelby."

"You insult her by saying it," said Truesdale.

The other frowned. "Possibly not. I am of good blood and a gentleman. Oh, sneer if you like. You do not know. At any rate, I have done no more than you."

"What do you mean?" gasped Truesdale.

"Listen; I will tell you a thing: A few days ago, I happened to be in San Pedro—in a ship chandlery there—when you were talking with Captain Hansen, of the *Wasp*. Need I say more?"

A cold sweat broke out on Truesdale's face. "You mean—you heard——?"

"All. Now do you wish that I tell Miss Shelby of this? Or shall I be permitted to pay my respects to her—as a gentleman?"

"Why—why—she hates you! And you're a criminal!"

"And you?"

"Mine was a joke—I'll admit I was a fool to think of it—but I loved her——"

"Exactly—so do I. Strange things, men do for love, eh? Well, think it over."



"The first thing his eyes rested on was Vera, standing in the doorway." Photo posed by Betty Compson.

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LITTLE HINTS

THE CRADLE BUSTER—Tuttle-Waller

THIS is chiefly interesting because it brings to the fore a talented young actor—Glenn Hunter. He is Tarkington's "Clarence" typified, and with his whimsical qualities and expressive pantomime, he brings to the screen something that is different. Particularly amusing is his interpretation of a young man who comes of age and determines to declare his independence by seeking a wild life. The well-told story, the fine photography—and Glenn Hunter make this an enjoyable picture, and an ideal one for the whole family.

SALOME—United Artists

"SALOME" is a theory printed in black and white rather than a photoplay. It is a painting deftly stroked upon the silversheet. There is nothing in Nazimova's grotesque acting to keep the Tired Business Man awake; and he will complain at the obvious padding of a two-reel incident into a five-reel entertainment. But poets and dreamers will find imaginative delights in the weird settings and the still more weird acting, depressing at times to ordinary folks. And it is worth something to watch Nazimova balance her Christmas-tree headdress!



FORGET ME NOT—Louis Burston

LIKE a cloisonne vase, this picture is strangely, compellingly beautiful. Fragile, lacking strength and with too hectic sub-titles, the play yet leaves you with the impression of having looked upon something very beautiful, like a work of art. Gareth Hughes plays with whimsical poignancy an orphan boy who loves a crippled little girl—and both he and Bessie Love demonstrate again that the screen would suffer without them.



MISSING HUSBANDS—Metro—French Importation

IF you are of the opinion that only bronzed skin, dark-eyed sheiks can do the luring in the east, this picture will inform you otherwise, for it is the female of the species whose charms cause all the trouble. The picture is taken from Pierre Benoit's popular novel, "L'Atlantide," and whether the fault lies with the adaptation or with the original story, the fact is that it isn't half as interesting or exciting as our own SHIEK. Perhaps its opportunities were not realized. Stacia Napierkowsky as the desert siren is not particularly alluring.

FOR PLAY- GOERS



SHATTERED IDOLS—First National

An unreal fantasy becomes almost believable in the capable hands of James Morrison and Marguerite de la Motte, whose tensely human characterizations raise this story of Hindu idolatries to the plane of drama, if not of plausibility. The one false note—a mother's hatred for her crippled son—is almost possible of belief against the colorful background and mystic lure of India (as studio art directors always conceive it).

FOR THE DEFENSE—Paramount

In which little ZaSu Pitts runs away with the story. Her portrayal of the pathetic little slavey in the grip of the law is one of the finest bits of screen acting of the year and overshadows the consistently good work of a brilliant cast. **FOR THE DEFENSE** is a good, old-fashioned mystery story, with blood-stained garments, tell-tale fingerprints, and suspense to keep you on the edge of your seat right up to the fade-out. Bertram Grassby as the sinister Dr. Kasimer and Mayme Kelso as "the woman who loved him" contribute largely to the success of the picture. If you enjoy having your feelings harrowed, you will like this picture.



NERO—Fox Special—Filmed by J. G. Edwards in Rome

The grandeur of Rome rolls forth once more, depicting with magnificent splendor the eventful life of Nero. J. Gordon Edwards has created a noteworthy achievement in that the spectacular scenes do not overwhelm one to the extent of distracting from the love story. The screen is alive with the tornado of action, and the swift-moving story grips one's interest throughout. The characterizations of Jacques Gretilat as Nero, and Alexander Salvini as Horatius are excellent.



THE INFIDEL—First National

On the wave of a typhoon the statuesque Katherine MacDonald rides into a tempestuous port. Even the South Seas and a petty revolution—the kind scenario writers concoct before breakfast—fail to animate the icicular Katherine. Her pictures have become pretty clearly classified and here she uses her entire repertoire of four expressions beautifully. This, in its direction and background, is a bit better than recent MacDonald films.



THE STROKE
—Swedish Bio
Import

(Left)

It isn't every director who takes a theme as thuselah and by indirectly make it vivid pealing. Yet to Victor of Sweden belongs—and added to this forceful and expressive pretation of the repro of our screen lumin stock of expressions ing out, would do we the acting of this Sw

FALSE FRONTS—Herold Production
(Right)

THE struggles of the small town youth who goes to the big city to win success is given a new touch by endowing him with a social front—and no bankbook. Though a wealthy marriage alleviates the latter, the struggle does not end until he is able to buck up and show his mettle. Frank Losee, Edward Earle and Barbara Castleon make an adequate team.



THE MAN INCONQUERABLE
—Paramount

JACK HOLT is made interesting in a satisfactory story, supported by a good cast and surrounded by pearl pirates in an appealing tropical setting. There is a divine dispensation that protects playgoers from a satiating over-abundance of super-excellent films and it operates with ease and dispatch in the present instance. But even a poet can love a good scrap and there are several good ones in this picture. And even a poet knows that more people fancy fights than flights of fancy.



(Continued on Page 64.)

ould ars ave others?

By HARRY CARR



SCIENCE has found a way to eradicate nearly every kind of pest except the mothers of stars. So far they—the fond mammas—have defied all efforts; they reign supreme in their pestiferousness.

Behold a very lovely young star at whose very name every camera man shudders. She is on the set; the camera is all ready to wink; the director is biting his nails, all pepped up for the big scene.

"Are you all ready?" he asks the electrician. For once in his life the lights *are* all ready.

"Now, Miss So-and-So," he calls to the star. "Come in through that door; you are crying . . ."

Well, she comes in by that very door. She is crying; now she thinks she is crying. She looks like St. Cecilia at the Organ—only not at an organ but all dressed up for a picture.

Her hair is all marcelled to perfection and even her hands are in perfect etiquette.

"But my dear child," cries the director in dismay. "You have just been found starving in the gutter. Your hair ought to be straggled all over your face and not curled . . ."

"I always curl my hair. My clientele expects it," retorts the star with dignity.

"You look like that," insists the director.

Her fair-famed eyes begin to fill with tears, and with a gesture that

"Once in a while a newspaper man is betrayed by some designing villain into attempting to interview daughter. The result is that mamma envelopes the proceedings like a thunder cloud on an August day in New York."

the director has learned to recognize from bitter experience. He knows that she is sending out the S.O.S. for mamma and that the appeal will not be in vain.

Mother comes waddling furiously onto the set, pushing camera men and electricians out of the way in her flight to the rescue. Miss So-and-So melts into her fat embrace.

The subsequent conversation then goes something like this:

"Were they mean to my little lamb; did they abuse my beautiful little fawn? Never mind, you still have mother; there, there, don't cry . . . mother's beautiful lamb . . . mother's sweet, beautiful child . . . they shan't be mean to you any more . . ."

And then over her corpulent shoulder to the terror-stricken director, in icy tones, "I don't think you understand my daughter. She is a very sensitive child."

"We may not understand her; but we are getting educated rapidly," murmurs the director, but the sarcasm is lost upon Mamma, who is back at the job of mopping up Miss So-and-So's tears. The lovely beautiful lamb weeps enough to move Mamma, but she is always careful not to carry her grief far enough to wash the mascara off her eye-lashes. It is a nuisance putting on mascara.



Honestly, she is only one of them.

There are a dozen girls on the screen who might become great stars, but for their adoring and devoted mothers.

I know one girl who can't get any publicity because her mother insists upon hanging around when daughter is interviewed. Once in a while a newspaper man is betrayed by some designing villain into attempting to interview daughter anyhow. The result is that mamma envelops the proceedings like a thunder cloud on an August day in New York. Every time he asks daughter a question, mamma always cuts in with, "I'll tell you just how that happened." And away she goes in a cloud of dust and conversation, leaving two desolated, bored, disgruntled figures by the wayside.

I remember when one of these mamma-ridden movie stars took a little flier in vaudeville. I was sitting in the vaudeville manager's office when a scared, worried stage manager came in. "Say," he shouted, "here's somethin' you gotta tend to. Here's a Jane out there who says she's gotta have the star dressing room and she wants me to change her to the star top liner's place on the bill."

"Who is she?" demanded the manager.

"She's that fat woman," replied the stage manager. "Her daughter is that movie girl."

The manager, who had risen, sank back weakly into his chair. "For heaven's sake give her anything on the bill," he said wildly. "Give her the whole house and the orchestra; give her everything she asks for, but don't let her come in here."

He had already had an interview or two with mother.

There is one famous mother in the movies. She is the champion wet blanket wielder of the world. She is a tall, gaunt lady with literary discrimination. If anybody doesn't believe she has literary discrimination, just ask her.

She makes a specialty of hovering around the projection room. She always comes out of that same projecting room with a Pauline Revere cry of alarm.

"My dear!" she says to the director, "I simply cannot allow it. It would jeopardize my daughter's whole future. Her clientele always expects her to be a sweet little girl. I simply could not permit that kissing scene." This lady is very long on daughter's clientele. She seems to think that very large groups of the population of the world are sitting up nights waiting for daughter to come through with another sweet picture; and that, if disappointed, they would go down in sorrow to the grave.

She never fails to demand that every picture be torn to pieces after it is made and, as daughter invariably sticks with Mamma in everything, the picture is usually spoiled in the re-boiling process.

One of the most objectionable of the stage mothers isn't so bad in a business way. But she is a social pest. Every director has to tote her around to parties and festivities and dance with her. If he does not, he will get what is coming to him. Mamma will always poison daughter's mind against him. So, with a frozen smile and a pretended gayety, he goes forth to the slaughter. This old dame is one of the coy variety. She talks baby talk. "Is us weady?" she inquires coyly, when the party of martyrs is ready for their penance. My gaud, the spectacle of that mamma trying to be a flapper is something that, once seen, will never be forgotten. There is a horrible fascination about her.

I have mentioned no names in this article; but I will mention one. I am going to mention one mother because, unlike the others, she is a joy forever. She is a welcome guest at every studio. Her opinion, eagerly sought, and given in a shy abashed way, is always helpful, shrewd and kindly. She knows the picture business from every angle—and keeps what she knows to herself. She makes a home that is a peaceful, quiet haven of quiet and rest for her two little star daughters. She is a capable, experienced business woman and she sticks on the job of handling the details of their investments and leaves the direction of the pictures to the directors. She can say more in five words than most people can in five hours. She can be quiet and mind her own business in every language and dialect. She can give more real help to her daughters where they really need it than forty hired managers. She always seems to be just where she is needed and just when she is needed and says just the right thing at the right moment. The one star-mother I ever met whose rare arrival at the studio is really welcomed is Mrs. Mae Gish, mother of Lillian and Dorothy. She ought to start a school for mothers. I know what all the lessons should be about—how to keep still and mind your own business.

BEHIND the SCREEN in HOLLYWOOD



You might believe yourself in a shipyard when you see the bob-tailed flivvers sputtering across the Lasky stages with great loads of "props." (This picture also might suggest to you that there are handsome and ambitious young men who break into the movies with a tool kit instead of a make-up box!)



Marshall Neilan goes in for realism. Instead of building two-walled "sets," he finds a real location that conveys the atmosphere that he wants; then he backs up the portable electric generator, floods the interior with lights and proceeds with his picture. This photo shows a South Pasadena boarding house that captured the Neilan fancy, and the insert is a glimpse of action indoors.



Walter Hiers to Sybil Chase, violinist to Gloria Swanson company: "I never said anything of the kind! I think your music is grand!"

—Paramount Photo.



The SAME Little TESS



Photo by KNUTE RAHMN

The top photograph shows Mary Pickford in a scene of the elaborate film version of *TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY*, now in production. The lower picture is reproduced from one of the two "stills" now in existence of *TESS*, as she looked eight years ago. (This story was one of the leading screen productions of 1914.) In the following article Mary makes some interesting comparisons of the two pictures.

THE same little *Tess* that rolled out of a bundle of rags and into the hearts of millions of adorers the wide world over years ago left her place and came to rest on the boat's gunwale.

Mary Pickford tossed back her rippling curly hair and laughed softly in reminiscence—

"Yes, this certainly *is* different from the days when we made *Tess* first, isn't it?"

She waved a grimy hand towards the big dynamo roaring like a freight train fifty feet away, and the fire-engine down on the beach.

"We didn't have a fire-engine to draw water from the lake for us—nor any old electric lights to hurt our eyes—nor an aeroplane motor for wind!"

She smiled towards the company working back of her—"Why actually there were just mother and me, Harold Lockwood, and the camera-man, Edwin Porter, who was also the director and producer!"

"And think of it—we had just one script for everybody!"

Her slender hands expressively emphasizing these astonishing facts, she repeated,

"One man was camera-man, director and producer!"

Mary has such an intensive way of talking to you,—she looks you squarely in the eye,—that you forget, as she seems to, that there is anyone else around. But though she has concentrated on you she knows, before her maid speaks, what is wanted.

"Yes, Bodamere—bring my things here—and take little Mary for ice-water, or some milk in the commissary——"

"A commissary—here?"

"O yes, in that third shack!"

"It's dangerous business, this, of making *Tess* again—but it is a beautiful story, and will be so *much* better than the first picture.

"I always loved *Tess* so. Why I could not get to the set fast enough every morning. We worked from ten to four—think of that! It takes me four hours every day now just to get

out here and get my make-up on and to get it off and go home! Sixty miles every day for the last four weeks, out here and back—and we aren't through yet!"

"Our work was easy *then*. We just *took* the scene and were *through* with it! *Now* we have to take it from twenty angles, over and over—tiresome work!"

She looked down ruefully at her broken, soiled nails, then glanced up quickly with a smile—

"You see, it was funny—the way we happened to make *Tess* in the first place.

"I had come out to Hollywood to make *Hearts Adrift*. Mother was worried about me because I had just had an operation for appendicitis and was very weak and thin. In *Hearts Adrift* I had to work

(Continued on Page 63.)



Photo courtesy of Mrs. LYMAN BROENING

PARAMOUNT

Announces its Greatest Program of Motion Picture Entertainment

FORTY-ONE great new Paramount Pictures will be released in the coming six months, beginning August 6th.

Your theatre manager is booking your photoplays now for the coming season.

Make sure that he is preparing to show you these Paramount Pictures.

It is for you that Paramount has worked out step by step, months in advance, this great program,

—gathered all the great geniuses of production — stars, supporting artists, directors, novelists, drama-

tists, technicians — and supplied them with every conceivable stimulus and equipment to produce the most magnificent and thrilling pictures!

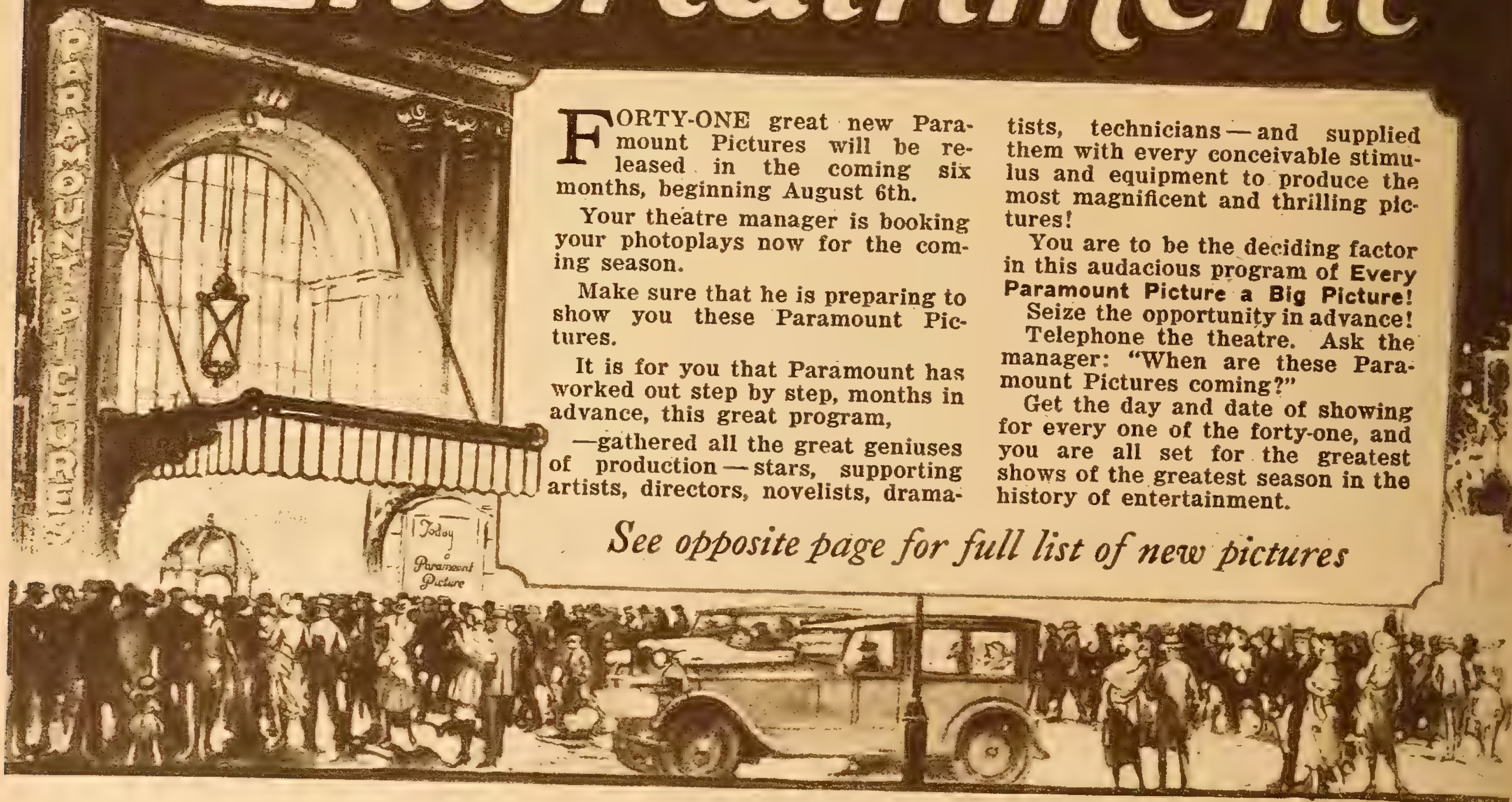
You are to be the deciding factor in this audacious program of Every Paramount Picture a Big Picture!

Seize the opportunity in advance!

Telephone the theatre. Ask the manager: "When are these Paramount Pictures coming?"

Get the day and date of showing for every one of the forty-one, and you are all set for the greatest shows of the greatest season in the history of entertainment.

See opposite page for full list of new pictures



*When are
they coming?*



Use the phone.

Paramount

If it's a Paramount Picture

These are the Forty-one New Paramount Pictures you should ask your theatre manager to book

WALLACE REID

In "The Dictator"
Supported by Lila Lee
From the novel by Richard Harding Davis
Directed by James Cruze
Scenario by Walter Woods

MARION DAVIES

In "The Young Diana"
by Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN

In "If You Believe It, It's So"
by Perley Poore Sheehan
Directed by Tom Forman
Scenario by Waldemar Young

BETTY COMPSON

In "The Bonded Woman"
From the story "The Salvaging of John Sumner"
by John Fleming Wilson
Directed by Philip Rosen
Adaptation by Albert Shelby LeVino

MAY MCAVOY

In "The Top of New York"
by Sonya Levien
Scenario by Julia Crawford Ivers

"THE LOVES OF PHARAOH"

with Emil Jannings, Dagny Servaes, Harry Liedtke and Paul Wegener
An Ernest Lubitsch UFA Production

GLORIA SWANSON

In a Sam Wood Production
"Her Gilded Cage"
Scenario by Elmer Harris and Percy Heath
Based on the play by Anne Nichols

A William deMille Production

"NICE PEOPLE"

with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels,
Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye
From the play by Rachel Crothers
Scenario by Clara Beranger

RODOLPH VALENTINO

In "Blood and Sand"
A Fred Niblo Production
Supported by Lila Lee and Nita Naldi
From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez and
the play by Tom Cushing
Adaptation by June Mathis

"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN"

with Alma Rubens
From the story by James Oliver Curwood
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

"THE SIREN CALL"

with Dorothy Dalton
An Irvin V. Willat Production
Supported by David Powell and Mitchell Lewis
By J. E. Nash
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Philip Hurn

JACK HOLT

In a Peter B. Kyne Special
"While Satan Sleeps"
Adapted by Albert S. LeVino
From the novel "The Parson of Panamint"
Directed by Joseph Henabery

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S

Production "Manslaughter"
with THOMAS MEIGHAN,
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson
From the novel by Alice Duer Miller
Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson

The Hamilton Theatrical Corp. presents
"THE MYSTERIES OF INDIA"
UFA Production

"PINK GODS"

A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
by Cynthia Stockley
with Bebe Daniels, James Kirkwood and
Anna Q. Nilssen
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Sonya Levien

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"

with Theodore Roberts
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods
Scenario by Julien Josephson
Directed by James Cruze

"THE FACE IN THE FOG"

By Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

"BURNING SANDS"

with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills
A George Melford Production
By Arthur Weigall
Adaptation by Olga Printzlau

WALLACE REID and LILA LEE

In "The Ghost Breaker"
by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard
Adaptation by Jack Cunningham
Directed by Alfred Green

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"

with Mary Miles Minter and Tom Moore
A John Robertson Production
By Clyde Fitch
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"

A George Fitzmaurice Production
with Betty Compton and Bert Lytell
Supported by W. J. Ferguson and
Theodore Kosloff
By Mary Johnston Scenario by Ouida Bergere

THOMAS MEIGHAN

In "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Condon
Directed by Alfred Green

"ON THE HIGH SEAS"

with Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt
Supported by Mitchell Lewis
by Edward Sheldon
An Irvin V. Willat Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO

In "The Young Rajah"
Adapted from the novel "Amos Judd"
by John Ames Mitchell
Directed by Philip E. Rosen
Adaptation by June Mathis

ALICE BRADY

In "Anna Ascends"
by Harry Chapman Ford
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A William deMille Production

"CLARENCE"

By Booth Tarkington
with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and
May McAvoy
Adaptation by Clara Beranger

GLORIA SWANSON

In a Sam Wood Production
"The Impossible Mrs. Belton"
by David Lisle Adaptation by Percy Heath

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"

by Vicente Blasco Ibanez
Directed by Robert Vignola
A Cosmopolitan Production

A George Melford Production

Robert Louis Stevenson's

"EBB TIDE"

with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood
Cast includes George Fawcett and
Raymond Hatton
Adapted by Lorna Moon

"THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR"

From the story by Peter B. Kyne
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

ELSIE FERGUSON

In "Outcast"
by Hubert Henry Davis
A John Robertson Production
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

"SINGED WINGS"

with Bebe Daniels
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
by Katherine Newlin Burt

THOMAS MEIGHAN

In George Ade's
"Back Home and Broke"
Directed by Alfred Green

AGNES AYRES

In "A Daughter of Luxury"
Adaptation by Beulah Marie Dix
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A George Fitzmaurice Production

"KICK IN"

with Betty Compton and Bert Lytell
by Willard Mack
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

WALLACE REID

In "Thirty Days"
by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton
Directed by James Cruze

MARION DAVIES

In "Little Old New York"
by Rida Johnson Young
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO

In "A Spanish Cavalier"
Based on the play "Don Caesar De Basan"
Scenario by June Mathis

JACK HOLT

In a Peter B. Kyne Special
"Making a Man"
Directed by Joseph Henabery
Adaptation by Albert Shelby LeVino

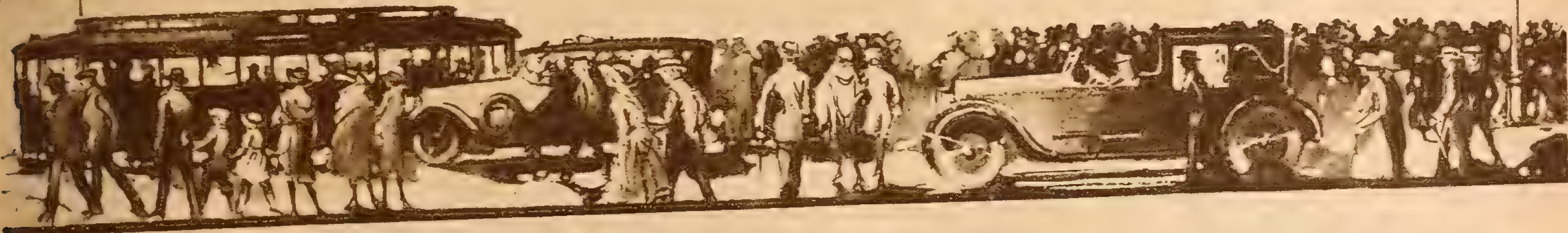
ALICE BRADY

In "Missing Millions"
by Jack Boyle

A William deMille Production

"NOTORIETY"

with Bebe Daniels
by Clara Beranger



Pictures

it's the best show in town



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.

ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

BUNGALOW BOULEVARD

JUST a bit of Old England, a diminutive cottage set in a green English lane?

Not a bit of it, though one cannot be blamed for thinking so. In reality, this charming small dwelling is found way up at the end of Bungalow Boulevard, where that attractive wayfare runs up into the foothills.

Oh yes, it's every bit as delightful inside as it is outside. Wouldst judge for yourself? Then follow the hospitable path up to the terrace hidden away behind the arbor.

The maid ushers you into the living room, a long room that extends the whole depth of the house, with great French windows commanding a wonderful view of the hills. It is a restful room. Warm cream walls; a soft rug of dull blue covering floors of polished oak; draperies of glazed chintz in tones of gold and green and blue; woodwork of mahogany and a venerable grandfather's clock ticking off the minutes on the stairs that invite one to the bed chambers.

Stairs in a bungalow? Yes, indeed. When one builds a bungalow in the foothills, the irregularities of the ground-site permit delightful irregularities in the building plans.

There are two bedrooms. One opens off the living-room.



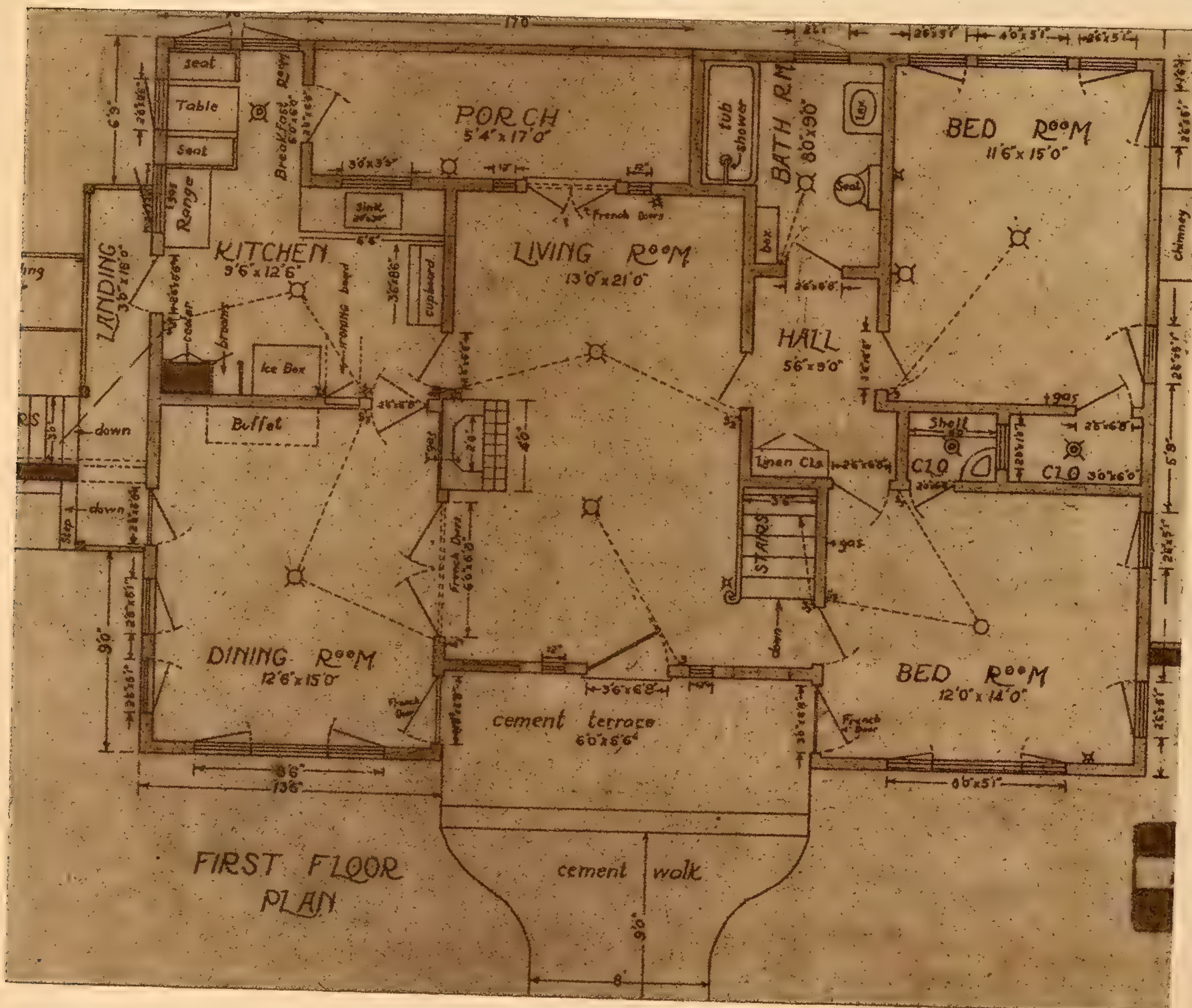
Four windows curtained in ruffled marquissette invite the sunshine. Pale apple-green walls look cool and summery behind white wicker chairs and chaise-lounge covered with cretonne in a quaint rosebud design. The ivory bed is covered with a ruffled spread of marquissette, to match the curtains, and darned into the net is a rose design in shades of pink, lavender and green wools.

We pass up a step or two into a hall, and thence into the second bedroom. More windows, more sunshine. A gorgeously capacious clothes closet. Walnut twin beds, one masquerading in cushions and mauve silk coverings as a day-bed.

Hyacinths in a lemon-colored bowl upon a walnut dressing case. Rugs of mauve and rose and black.

Down the cunning stairs again into the dining-room. From the windows, a view of rolling hills. The walls are cream, as in the living-room. The long table, with low benches instead of chairs, are of mahogany, gleaming against the showy linen and damask. Crystal candle-sticks upon the buffet. A carpet of garnet velvet lending royal richness to the room.

And then the kitchen. A kitchen for the born housewife to dream over! Everything hideable tucked away behind doors; a broom closet; wall ironing board; cooler. And so handy to the kitchen that steps are not wasted is the breakfast room, with cheerful breakfast nook.





©Ira L. Hill
N. Y. C.

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What's the Matter with my Story?

LOVE INSURANCE

By F. C., Portland, Ore.

YOU have struggled with the germ of an idea and it has got the best of you. With the thought of love insurance, as you have applied it, a skilled writer might take it as a starting point and work up an amusing farce. But your story is scattered, weak and quite worthless. Please do not be offended. The only way we can help in this department is to be utterly frank and sincere.

TRIGGER FINGERS

By L. B. D., Cheyenne, Wyo.

IF we were the scenario editor at a studio such as Universal City, where many westerns are used, we would give careful consideration to this dandy little plot of yours. However, before submitting it, try to sharpen your characterizations with subtle action and introduce whimsical lines that will suggest added action and also furnish material for subtitles. The margin of added value that you may be able to give to it by more careful work may sell it. Go to it.

WANDERLUST

By J. C., Philadelphia, Pa.

YOU haven't a very clear idea what it's all about, yourself. Your story is not logical. For instance, Thomas' mother is blind; the postmaster robs her when she gives him Tom's letters to open and read. Why didn't Tom learn of this? You haven't explained. Also, in a gun battle between Tom and the crooks she interferes—but you have told us that she is too blind to read letters. You haven't done very much thinking on *Wanderlust*.

THE FAIR INVADER

By E. E., Victoria, B. C.

READ what you have sent us and see how vaguely you have written. How do you expect a scenario editor to get anything out of it? You say *Adelaide* is a racer. But we cannot tell if she is a horse, a yacht, an automobile or a trained flea.

THE HAT SALE

By F. B., Vallejo, Calif.

WE don't "go 50-50" on scenarios. This department is a service for readers and not a sales agency. Anyway, your contribution has no value.



Photograph by Spurr.

MY MAIDEN EFFORT

By BRADLEY KING
Ince Writer

Author of "I Am Guilty," "Jim," "A Man of Action," "News"—all originals—and a number of adaptations.

IT happened several years ago and because of the old saying, "fools rush in, etc." I was in Coronado and heard there was a picture company producing there. Having just come from New York, it sounded thrilling and exciting, so I slid out from under watchful eyes and went down to investigate.

After much maneuvering I got inside, was asked my business, and having none, was almost turned out, when a young man with frantic eyes and wild hair, who carried a stack of papers and looked frightfully important, took pity on me and led me onto the "sets." I learned he was the author and scenario writer, in fact, he was the "staff," and we became real chummy. He took me up to his office, which was piled high with sheets of paper. They were everywhere but on the ceiling, and noting my amazement, he told me in his breathless way that he couldn't typewrite, that the girl who did his work was sick and he couldn't get another—that the director was howling for the script and that he didn't know what to do. I had the bright idea. I told him neatly that I'd typewrite his story if he'd teach me how to write a scenario.

I don't think he waited for me to finish. He cleared off the typewriter table by the simple method of scraping everything on it onto the floor, dragged out the machine from beneath his desk—hurled an eraser at me together with a motley assortment of "script" which he assured me I'd "get the hang of," and left me to my own devices.

It took him a day or two to discover that I couldn't typewrite any better than he could, but he was game. We struggled through and I wrote my own story, which he helped me whip into shape. It was a three-reel "meller-drama," with the accent on the "meller," but I received \$20 for the story and continuity. I was so surprised that I rushed home and told about it, which resulted in my being whisked back to New York.

The wild-eyed young man was the now well-known Julian Luis Lamothe, and the story was "The Playthings of the Gods."

THE VOW

By H. V., North Platte, Neb.

VERY long ago, so long ago that we have forgotten the author and cannot credit him, we read an article analyzing writers. There are three reasons why people seek to have their thoughts in print, the article said. The first and by far the most prevalent urge is vanity. To express one's views in print is the impulse that burdens the mail of newspaper editors. It is the impulse that, if successful, leads a fairly able writer to professional writing—commercial authorship. Then we have the second reason for writing: to make money. But the third subdivision of authorship lies far beyond the other two. Here we find people who are writing because they *have something to say*. Of the thousands of amateur scenario writers, very few indeed have anything at all to say; nor is anything they say, in most cases, at all worth while saying.

But you seem to have something to say. Your material is original beyond any doubt of ours. You have written convincingly and entertainingly in one of the greatest fields of human interest: marriage.

It is not always an interesting and well-plotted story that makes a motion picture, however. The abstract qualities of thought on which you build so much contains very sparse screen action. Surely one who has written as you have done can perceive the qualities that make a story suitable for motion picture use. Symbolize thought expression in action—make pictures of it. This general comment will apply to your story throughout. Maintain the arrangement you have now, because construction follows expression. Develop your story. It is worth it.

If you are a subscriber, or if you send in a paid subscription to SCREENLAND you are entitled to one personal detailed criticism of your story on this page by our scenario expert—one criticism for each subscription.

NO CHARGE whatsoever is made for this service.

Questions of literary phases of the screen are also answered in this department. For this service you do NOT have to be a subscriber.

Manuscripts submitted for criticism are returned, if return postage is enclosed, within two weeks, but the large number of scenarios submitted often make it impossible to publish the criticism in the first issue following receipt of the manuscript in this department.

Address all manuscripts to "Scenario Editor," SCREENLAND, 5540 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

The SCENARIO WRITER'S CORNER

By FREDERICK PALMER

BEWARE OF COINCIDENCE. Perhaps the most common fallacy in dramatic structure to be found in the work of the amateur photoplaywright is the unwarranted use of coincidence. Except in rare, absolutely unavoidable cases, motivation, which is based on coincidence, weakens the entire plot. All the action of your story should spring naturally and logically from the characters themselves; their aims, desires and ambitions, and not from the agency of any external force, such as chance or coincidence, over which they have no control.

The amateur screen writer should keep his characters active. He should make them "work out their own salvation." A great dramatic critic has wisely said that the degree to which a story is dramatic depends upon the degree to which the hero is the architect of his own fortunes. And this applies to the other characters as well.

REMEMBER that what may be possible, or even probable, in real life, will be considered "dramatic implausibility" by the audience if it is not definitely based on the laws of cause and effect. Never resort to chance, or Fate, or Providence to bring about a certain situation, but let the initiative, and the purpose of one or more of your characters bring it about. This will make your story compact, logical, convincing.

The photoplaywright must continually seek truth in characterization. He must endeavor to place real people in real situations and then have them act as they would act in those situations in real life. Given a situation, it must grow naturally out of the characters in it, or the people in the mind of the audience must be remodeled until they fit naturally into the situation. This adjustment of character and situation, cause and effect, should be the continual concern of the photoplaywright.

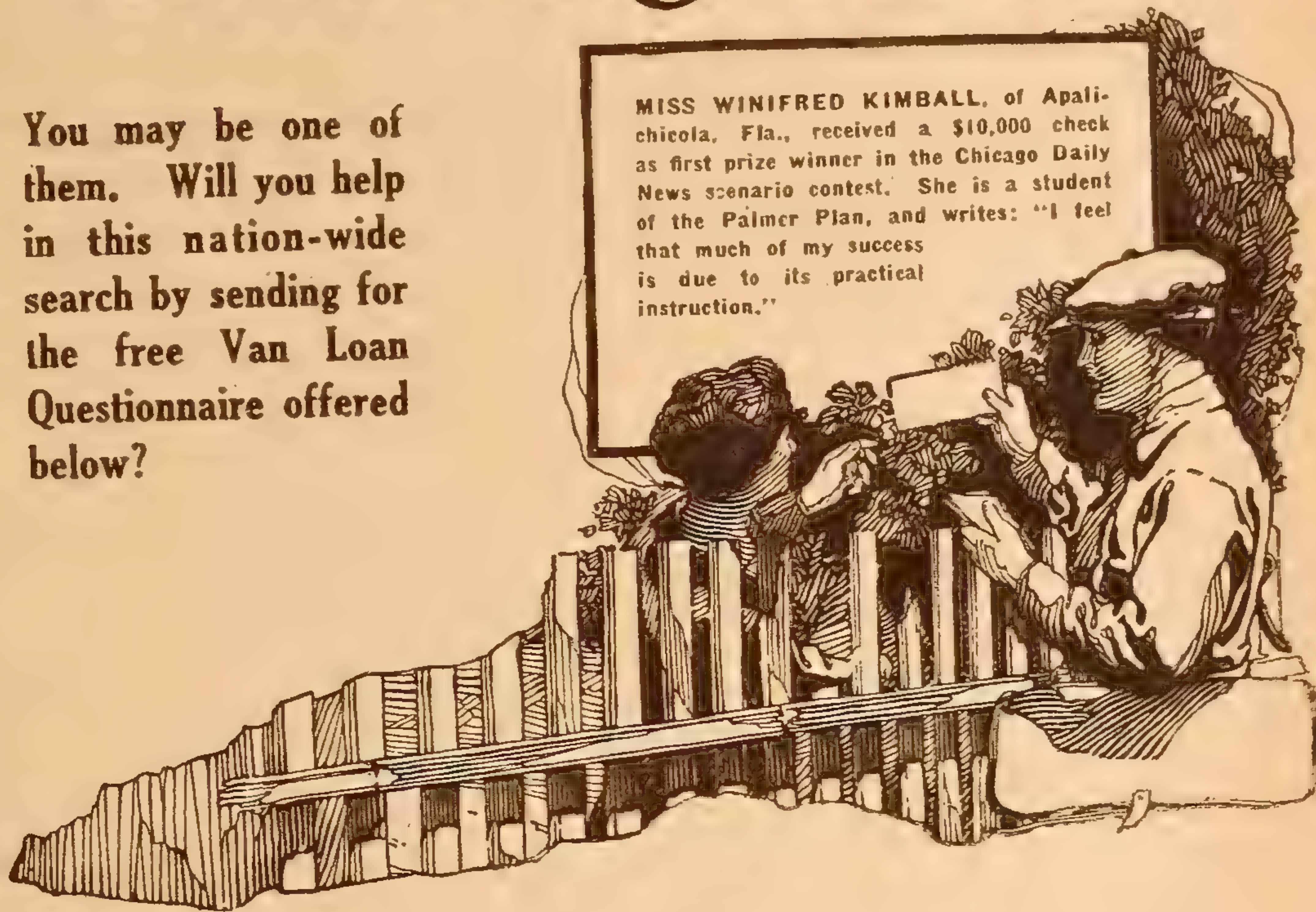
It is always well to test the situations of a story by determining whether they might naturally occur in the life of the average spectator. If they are lifelike and plausible, they will probably lead to human and poignant drama. If they in any way depend upon chance, or are sensational and implausible, the result will usually be improbable melodrama of a thrilling but unreal kind. Dramatic effects can usually be better achieved by placing real and likeable characters in conflict than by showing a conflict between a hero and a dyed-in-the-wool villain. But there must be a marked dramatic contrast between the characters.

THE trained screen writer always remembers to center the interest on his principal characters, and carefully develops and motivates those characters so that they are human. He makes them individual and distinctive. Once they are clearly established and he has laid the basis of his story by forming the dramatic triad, the characters and the fact that they are working toward a common objective, and at cross purposes, should lead to strong situations, providing the author does not develop the situations in a mechanical fashion, but permits them to develop naturally from the motives and desires of his characters.

In developing a story, the would-be photodramatist should remember the proper "movement." That does not mean the motion of the characters, but rather the constant growth of the plot through a sequence of situations and critical happenings toward the big climax. To slow up your movement is fatal. Begin by presenting your characters in action that establishes clearly their individual natures and relation to each other, then gradually develop obstacles which one faction places before another, and increase the dramatic tone and tempo as you progress.

Missing Heirs

You may be one of them. Will you help in this nation-wide search by sending for the free Van Loan Questionnaire offered below?



THE Palmer Photoplay Corporation is in the position of a lawyer who has been commissioned to find the missing heirs to a great estate.

The motion picture industry *must* have new scenarios. It *must* have them if it is to continue to hold its vast audiences. It *must* have them if its great studios and investments are not to become worthless. It is willing to pay fortunes for these stories; it is ready to crown the successful scenario writers with fame and maintain them in luxury. Who are these people who can tell a story? Where are they?

To find an answer to these vital questions the industry has commissioned the Palmer Photoplay Corporation to conduct one of the most exciting searches ever undertaken.

We use the words "exciting search" advisedly. Can you imagine anything more exciting than to find the talent that won the \$10,000 prize in a nation-wide scenario contest? To discover in a Montana housewife the power to tell a story and to hand her the producer's check as the reward of a talent which she did not know she possessed? Can you picture the surprise and delight of a Utah reporter, a private secretary in Pennsylvania, a Chicago Red Cross worker, when lifted suddenly to an earning power beyond their wildest dreams? Or of the inmate of a penitentiary whose scenarios are eagerly bought? These are actual incidents in this combing of the country for men and women with story-telling power.

And still the search goes on. Hundreds of thousands of copies of the Van Loan Questionnaire must be distributed this year; will you send for your copy? You may be one of the thousands (out of the hundreds of thousands) for whom the rewards of this new era wait.

The Van Loan Questionnaire a big new invention

Not every man and woman can write stories for the screen. In the past many who had no real talent or chance for success have wasted time in fruitless trying. Such waste of time and money is no longer necessary. By an interesting new

development it is now possible for you to know almost at once whether you have any gift of creative imagination, and whether it will pay you to develop that gift.

The invention is a Questionnaire such as was used by the United States Army in establishing the qualifications of officers and men in the war. This Questionnaire has been created with special reference to the needs of the motion picture industry by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated Photoplaywright, and Professor Malcolm MacLean, formerly of Northwestern University.

We invite you, without obligation, to send for your copy of this questionnaire. We ask you to co-operate with the new forces in the motion picture industry by making this free test of your creative talent in your own home.

We shall be frank with you

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is the largest seller of motion picture scenarios in the United States. It is in business to secure scenarios for which producers will pay large sums.

The Educational Department of the Corporation is organized to train men and women of talent to a point where they can produce such scenarios. Therefore the Educational Department must and does deal very frankly with those who fill in the Questionnaire. If your talent is not sufficient to justify you in going on, you will be promptly notified.

If, on the other hand, you should be one of the thousands now unknown who are to be important factors in this second era of the motion picture industry, the facilities of the Educational Department will be placed at your disposal if you choose to take advantage of them.

At least test yourself—the test is free

Surely this simple test is worth trying. Failure to attain high rank in it involves you in no loss. You have merely invested a stamp and a pleasant hour of mental discipline. On the other hand, success with the questionnaire may open the way to fame and immense reward.

Do not pass by lightly the chance to share in this second era of the motion picture industry. Send today for the Van Loan Questionnaire.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation

Dept. of Education 124 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

Name Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address SD-8



AMOUR fait beaucoup, mais argent fait tout; or, to be plainly outspoken, love is mighty, but money is almighty. This French idiom is more or less relevant to Your Own Page letters.

Why do you write Your Own Page letters—to win the \$25 prize? Many admit it. Here are extracts from three which came this month:

"The reason I write this letter," says an Oklahoma reader, "is because I need that \$25, as the soldiers' bonus hasn't been passed yet."

A really helpful Texas critic writes: "I do not expect the prize because availing myself of your invitation to be frank may prove distasteful. I notice all the winning letters throw bouquets."

"I am trying for the prize," a New Jersey writer declares, "but nevertheless, this is a true expression of my thoughts!"

So Your Own Page now begins an Anti-Bouquet Contest. There will be no prize offers. Write and tell us exactly what you think of Screenland. Don't trouble to mention the things that you like about the magazine. State the things you do not like. Be just as severe as you wish.

Improvement follows criticism. Screenland will constantly improve; but it needs your help, on your page? Will the love of the task bring a letter from you, just the same as it did when there was a money offer for the best ones? After all, was the Frenchman right: is money almighty?

One of the mottoes of Screenland policy has been "a surprise in every issue." There will be many surprises on this page next month, don't you think?

A large headline does not always mean a long story. Last month Your Own Page began on one column of the contents page. But there was just as many comments from readers quoted as in any other issue.

"I'm glad you don't bother with an Answer Man," is the encouraging comment of F. C. of New York City. "They all write alike." F. C. will find Patrick Tarsney a wonderful answer man, but he doesn't meet the description of "writing alike." See if some of your questions are not answered this month in Secrets of the Stars—on Page 17.

"I do not care for your cover designs," frankly remarks F. D. of Vinita, Oklahoma. But this letter was written before Mr. Ruttan's remarkable oil portrait of Wm. S. Hart was finished. Perhaps, after seeing Screenland for October, our Vinita friend will cancel this complaint.

The \$25 PRIZE LETTER

Editor Your Own Page:

Over four months ago I bought a copy of SCREENLAND at the newsstand because I saw a large picture of my favorite movie actor in it.

When I got home I started in slowly to go through the magazine. It was the first time I had ever seen a SCREENLAND, but the minute I started I had a feeling that something was wrong—it wasn't like other movie magazines! The pictures, articles, departments, even photos (the coloring of them) was different. In two minutes I was so absorbed that I couldn't have been pulled away from it.

I immediately decided: "This is the movie magazine for me." So I sent in my subscription at once. And the very first issue I received was worth the price of a year's subscription.

I like YOUR OWN PAGE very much, and wish there could be more than ONE page of it—even if it would be necessary to call it YOUR OWN PAGES! I think it is about the best thing in the magazine.

I always turn eagerly to the Portrait Gallery. It seems that the pictures are so much clearer and prettier colored than those in other magazines. I wish the gallery contained twice as many pictures every month.

I like LITTLE HINTS FOR PLAYGOERS and LITTLE HINTS FOR BOOKLOVERS very much, for I am both—a book lover and a playgoer.

Everybody in the family can find inspiration in their particular field of work, study or play, in SCREENLAND.

Since I subscribed I have become a confirmed movie fan. I had always taken other movie magazines and reading THEM did not make me a fan so that in itself proves SCREENLAND'S merit, does it not? I await each copy eagerly.

I'm afraid I've written an awfully long letter, but I just had to tell you how much I like the magazine. All my friends like it, too.

Yours sincerely,

(MISS) ENID CORPE,

Colfax, Ill.

We ought to have Christopher Columbus on the cover to please a Pennsylvania reader, who wants an "all-American issue." "We want to see more of our own authors and other celebrities, less of foreign stars," the letter states.

A star of our own in foreign setting should please Mr. Pennsylvania as much as the Idaho young lady who sends us this: "I idly wondered what trite comments Charlie Chaplin would make on a threadbare subject. But behold! I found no commonplace travelogue, no jumble of meaningless phrases, but a revealing glimpse into the soul of an artist." Are you reading this remarkable diary?

So many readers are expressing their interest in Louis Weadock's "Mr. Bloom" stories of the studios that we can't help mentioning "Punish the Villain," to appear in Screenland for October. The editors think this latest "Mr. Bloom" story is the best one of them all. Don't miss it.

"They are devoid of that exaggeration and vagueness found in most movie fiction," writes H. M. of St. Joseph, Mo., in commenting on the Bloom stories. It is because they are real stories!

C. K. of Minnesota will be disappointed, perhaps in the Anti-Bouquet Contest beginning now on this page, because he suggests: "Why not offer two prizes for Your Own Page letters?" We are compromising by offering none, C. K.

Censorship and ridicule of the movie industry is built upon prejudice and ignorance, says W. E. of Kent, Texas, in an entertaining letter. One way to remove prejudice, he adds, is to read Screenland. "I got wise to the fact that the screen is the greatest power in hitting the bull's-eye of human appreciation, in the May Screenland," he tells us. And of course, we agree.

"I admire you for being what I call a pioneer," says Mrs. C. A. of Danville, Kentucky (where they ought to know pioneers when they see one). "No other magazine has yet the courage to eliminate taffy interviews which anyone with a grain of intelligence must know are frequently the result of a sorely-tried writer's imagination. Instead, you fill your pages with excellent articles."

"Just what is to be gained by them," writes A. F. of Kirkland, Washington, in a rather indignant protest against Confessions of a Star Interviewer. "They are unsportsmanlike. They remind me of the rocking chair brigade at a summer hotel. I read and enjoy Screenland immensely and every department is good, but I feel that I must voice this, my only grievance." These are the sort of letters that help. We hope A. F. will let us hear from him in the Anti-Bouquet Contest.

Chiyo Yoshii of Tokyo (Japan) writes to tell us how he darted into a book-seller's one day to avoid being run down by an unruly horse. "In an excess of joy to be safe, I bought your magazine," he writes. "So it happened that I first read Screenland by accident."

Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Marvelous Voice

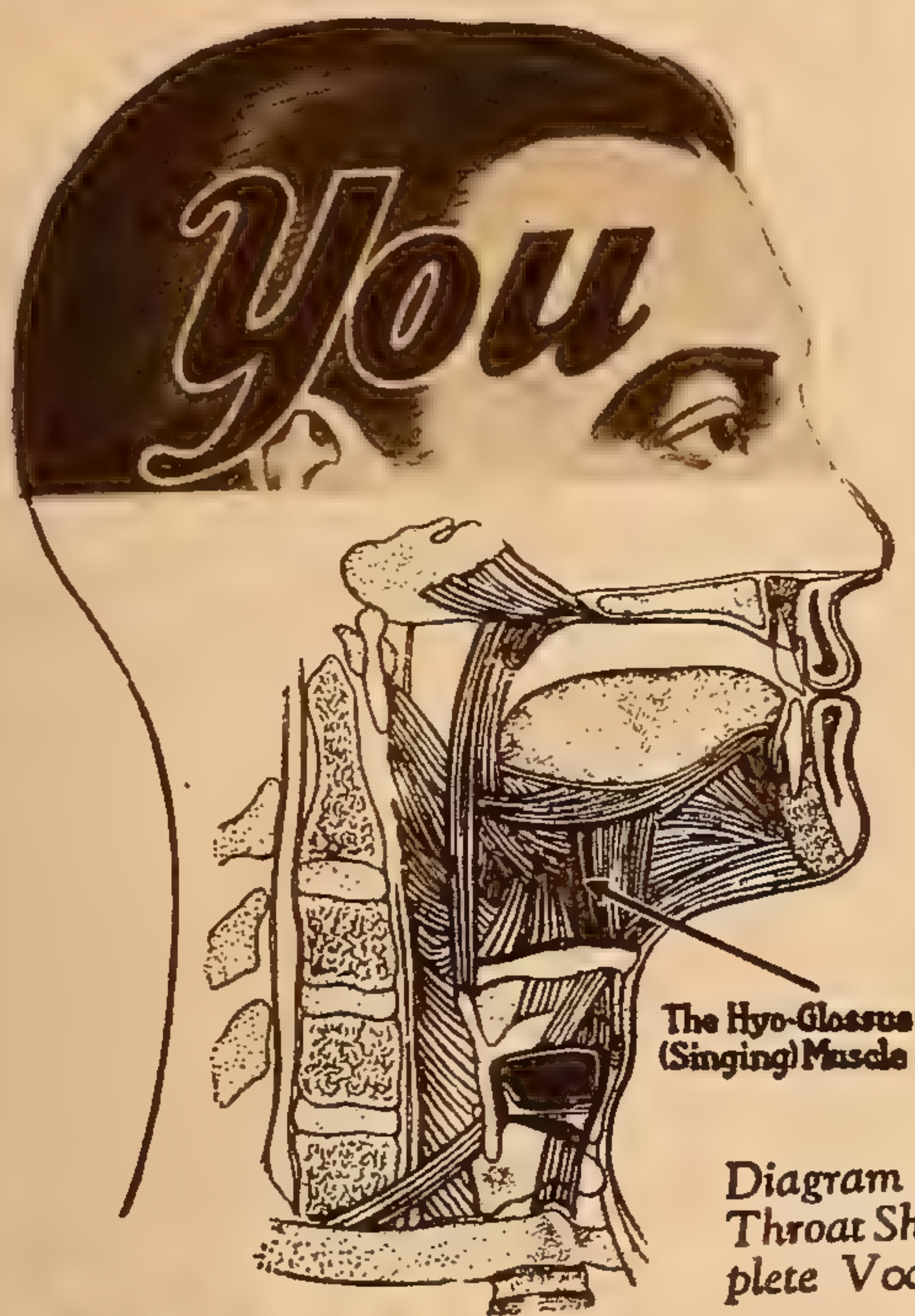


Diagram of the Normal Throat Showing the Complete Vocal Mechanism.

Caruso's Throat and Yours

Why is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed too! A good voice can be made better—a weak voice become strong—a lost voice restored—stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.

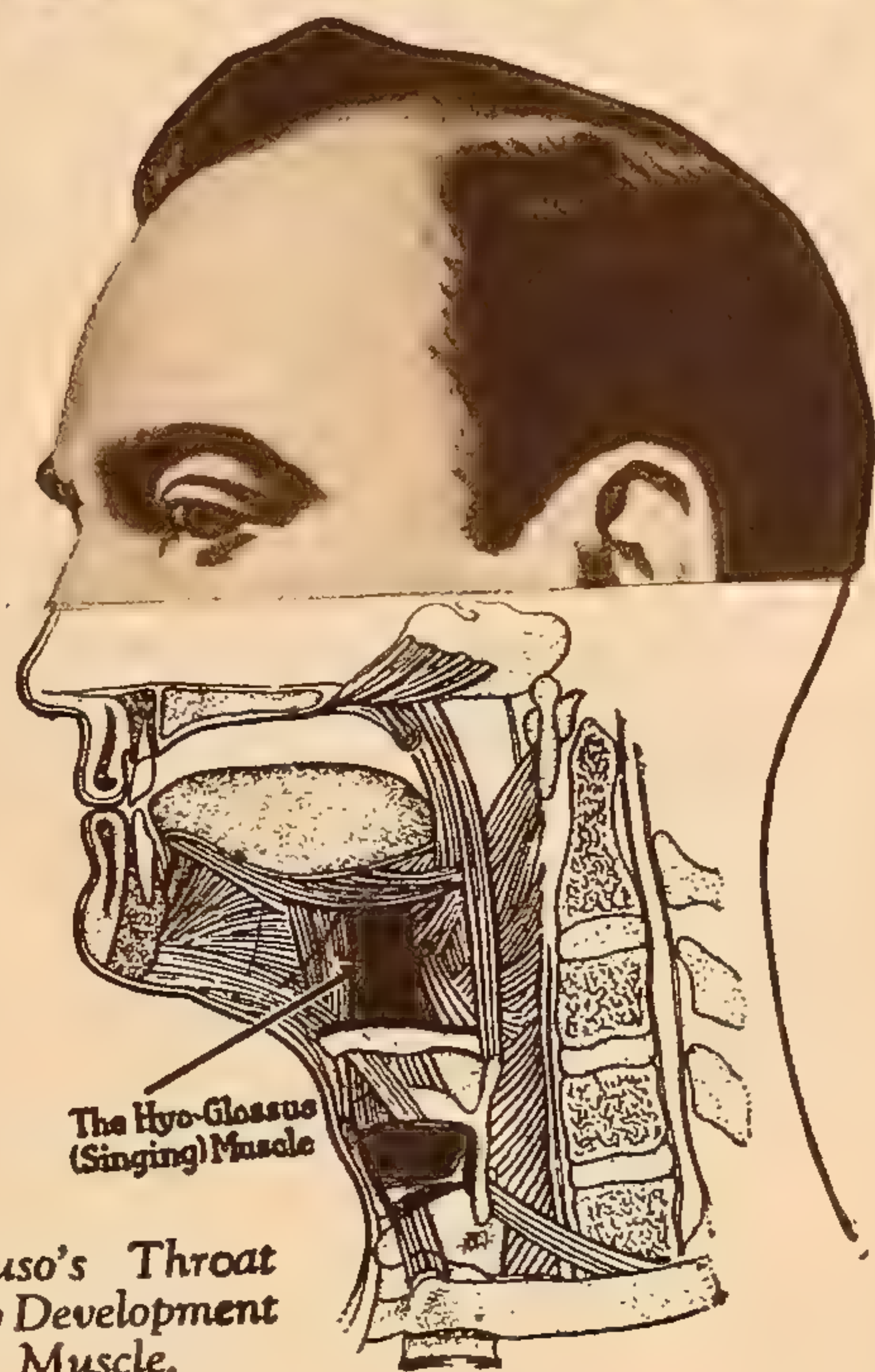


Diagram of Caruso's Throat Showing the Superb Development of his Hyo-Glossus Muscle.

We Guarantee— Your Voice Can Be Improved 100%

EVERY normal human being has a Hyo-Glossus muscle in his or her throat. A few very fortunate persons—like the late Caruso—are born with the ability to sing well. But even they must develop their natural gifts. Caruso had to work many years developing that muscle before his voice was perfect. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, depends upon the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle. You can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if that muscle is developed by correct training.

Prof. Feuchtinger's Great Discovery

Professor Feuchtinger, A. M.—descendant of a long line of musicians—famous in the music centers of Europe, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Bayreuth, Vienna, Paris and Florence, for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. Dissatisfied with the methods used by the maestros of the Continent who went on year after year blindly following obsolete methods, Professor Feuchtinger devoted years of his life to scientific research. His reward was the discovery of the Hyo-Glossus, the "Singing Muscle".

Professor Feuchtinger went even farther into the Science of Singing.

He perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home.

Grand Opera Stars Among His Students

Hundreds of famous singers have studied with Professor Feuchtinger. Over 10,000 happy pupils have received the benefits of his wonderful training.

There is nothing complicated about the Professor's methods. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. Give him a few minutes each day; The exercises are silent. The results are sure.

The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Professor Feuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—take this training—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

A Beautiful Voice for YOU

You do not know the possibilities of your voice.

If you want to sing—if you have always felt that you could sing but lacked the proper training because you had not

the time nor the means to study—here is your chance. Professor Feuchtinger's course will improve your voice 100%. You can now learn to sing at a very small cost and in the privacy of your own home.

If you want to improve your speaking voice—if you stammer or stutter—Professor Feuchtinger will help you.

Professor Feuchtinger's Book "Voice Culture" Free

Send us the coupon below and we'll send you FREE this valuable work on the Perfect Voice. Do not hesitate to ask. Professor Feuchtinger is glad to have us give you this book and you assume no obligations whatever by sending for it.

You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book "Voice Culture". It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. The number of these books is limited. Send for "Voice Culture" today.

Perfect Voice Institute
Studio 1116, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE Professor Feuchtinger's book "Voice Culture". I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligations whatever.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Weak Voice

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 1116, Chicago, Ill.

the Priscilla Dean Tam

The Only Hat
for Out Door Life

The hat with the rakish, jaunty, carefree appearance



Priscilla Dean Tams come in two sizes—one for young ladies, the other for children



For your vacation—a Priscilla Dean Tam. The only practical hat for girls with bobbed hair



Twelve Popular Shades
Red, Pheasant, Copenhagen, Navy, Black, Sand, Jade, White, Orange, Brown, Orchid, Coral



—because it's the most practical. Right up to the minute in style. That's why thousands of girls are wearing them. Simply great for sport wear. It stays put—looks charming—puts a finishing touch to your outdoor appearance. Looks wonderful on Priscilla Dean. It will look just as well on you.

And such wonderful colors! You can select one to harmonize with any costume—whether you're motoring, hiking, boating, golfing, playing tennis—in fact, it's the only hat for street wear.

Priscilla Dean Tams are made of the finest quality suede cloth—a soft pliable material that drapes so gracefully at any angle. Always has that trim, tailor-made look because the inner elastic band makes it fit any head comfortably. A neat band of grosgrained ribbon and a cute little bow complete the picture.

Your wardrobe is not complete without a Priscilla Dean Tam. It costs only \$1.50. No reason why you should not have at least one besides your regular hat.

The best stores carry Priscilla Dean Tams. But if you cannot get it, send \$1.50 with the coupon or letter. Be sure to state color and whether for young lady or child.

Look for the name
PRISCILLA DEAN
inside the band

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.,
906 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed is \$1.50 (Canada, \$2.00) for which please
send me a PRISCILLA DEAN TAM

In _____ Color _____ For _____
Miss or Child

Name _____

Address _____

Money refunded if desired.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.
MFG'S OF PRISCILLA DEAN HATS

My Trip Abroad

(Continued from Page 31.)

to him considerably. I feel a sort of master of the situation. It's a comfortable feeling. Is his reticence real or is this some wonderful trick of his, this making his guest feel superior.

His tired-looking, sensitive eyes at first seem rather severe and serious, but suddenly I am aware of something keen, quick and twinkling in them. His wife has arrived. A very young lady of great charm, who makes you feel instantly her artistic capabilities even in ordinary conversation.

Shortly after his wife comes in Burke and I leave, I feeling very much the tourist in the hands of the supercity guide.

"What, where—anything particular that I want to see?"

This rather scares me but I take it as a challenge and make up my mind that I will know him. He is difficult, and somehow, I don't believe that he cares for movie actors. Maybe I am only possible copy to him?

He seems to be doing me a kindness and I find myself feeling rather stiff and on my best behavior, but I resolve that before the evening is through I will make him open up and like me, for I am sure that his interest is well worth while.

I have nothing to suggest except that we ramble along with nothing deliberate in view. I feel that this pleases him, for a light of interest comes into his eyes, chasing one of responsibility. We are just going to stroll along.

AS Burke and I ramble along toward no place in particular, I talk about his book. I have read *Limehouse Nights* as he wrote it. There is nothing I could see half so effective. We discuss the fact that realities such as he has kept alive seldom happen in a stroll, but I am satisfied. I don't want to see. It could not be more beautiful than the book. There is no reaction to my flattery. I must watch good taste.

Passing up my obvious back-patting, I feel that he is very intelligent, and I am silent for quite a while as we stroll along toward Stepney. There is a greenish mist hanging about everything and we seem to be in a labyrinth of narrow alleyways, now turning into streets, and then merging into squares. He is silent and we merely walk.

And then I awaken. I see his purpose. I can do my own story—he is merely lending me the tools. And what tools they are! I feel that I have served an ample apprenticeship in their use, through merely reading his stories. I am fortified.

It is so easy now. He has given me the stories before. Now he is telling them over in pictures. The very shadows take on life and romance. The skulking, strutting, mincing, hurrying forms that pass us and fade out into the night are now becoming characters. The curtain has risen on *Limehouse Nights*, dramatized with the original cast.

There is a tang of the east in the air and I am tinglingly aware of something vital, living, moving, in this murky atmosphere that is more intense even for the occasional dim light that peers out into the soft gloom from attic windows and store-rooms or municipal lights that gleam on the street corners.

Here is a little slice of God's fashioning, where love runs hand in hand with death, where poetry sings in withered Mongolian

hearts, even as knives are buried in snow-white breasts and swarthy necks. Here hearts are broken casually but at the same time there comes just as often to this lotus land the pity, terror and wonder of first love, and who shall say which is predominant?

Behind each of those tiny garret windows lurks life, life in its most elemental costume. There is no time, thought or preparation for anything but the elemental passions, and songs of joy, hope and laughter are written into each existence, even as the killings go on, surely, swiftly.

There must be a magic wand forever doing a pendulum swing over this land, for the point of view often changes from the beastly to the beautiful, and in one short moment the innocent frequently gather the sophistication of the aged. These creatures of life's game run blithely along their course, ignorant of the past, joyful in the present and careless of the future, while their tiny lightened windows seem to wink deliberately as they make pinpricks of light through the shuttered gloom.

ON the other side of the street there is stepping a little lady whose cheap cotton clothes are cut with Parisian cunning, and as we cross and pass her we discern beauty, enhanced many fold by youth and vitality, but hardened with premature knowledge. I can't help but think of little *Gracie Goodnight*, the little lady who resented the touch of a "Chink," so much so that she filled the fire extinguishers in his place with oil, and when he was trapped in the blazing building, calmly and with a baby smile upon her face, poured the contents of the extinguisher over him and his furniture.

There is the Queen's theatre, bringing forward a mental picture of little *Gina* of Chinatown, who stopped a panic in the fire-frightened audience of the playhouse as her debut offering on the stage. Little *Gina*, who brought the whole neighborhood to her feet in her joyous dancing delight. Little *Gina*, who at 14 had lived, laughed and loved, and who met death with a smile, carrying the secret of him with her.

Every once in a while Burke merely lifts his stick and points. His gesture needs no comment. He has located and made clear without language the only one object he could possibly mean, and, strangely, it is always something particularly interesting to me. He is most unusual.

What a guide he is. He is not showing me Main street, not the obvious, not even the sightseer's landmarks, but in this rambling I am getting the heart, the soul, the feeling. I feel that he has gauged me quickly—that he knows I love feelings rather than details, that he is unconsciously flattering to my subtlety, after two miles through black, though lovely, shadows.

Now he is picking the spots where lights are shining from the fish shops. He knows their locations, knows their lights because he has studied them well. There are forms slinking gracefully, as though on location and with rehearsed movement. What an effect for a camera.

This is rugged. Here are the robust of the slums. People act more quickly here than in Lambeth. And suddenly we are back where we started. In a car we go to

(Continued on Page 58.)

How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half hour.

I could hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging and I was tempted more than once to give it up.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion, I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind.

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when dead skin and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Domino Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Domino Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface.

At nine-thirty I removed the Domino Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed

into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Domino Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. It is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Domino Com-



plexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story,

that Domino House will send without any money in advance a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay to any one who reads my story. If I would write my experience with the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only \$1.95 for a \$3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Domino Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Domino Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Send No Money

It is not necessary to send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Domino Complexion Clay is in your hands. You will have the same extraordinary experience that I had—and you will be grateful to me for agreeing to write this story. But I advise you to act at once before the special offer is withdrawn and Domino Complexion Clay is once more placed at its regular price.

ONLY \$1.95

By taking advantage of this special low-price offer, and sending direct to the manufacturers, you get Domino Com-



plexion Clay freshly-compounded, the day your order arrives. And you pay \$1.95 plus few cents postage, although acts of a similar nature, and without of the advantages of Domino Complexion Clay, are sold regularly from \$2.50 to \$3.50.

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail coupon or a postcard today. Domino House, Dept. 308, 269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 308, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa. You may send me a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay, sufficient for 2 months of beauty treatment. According to the special agreement, I will pay post \$1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting from the special reduced price, I am purchasing this for the guaranteed privilege of returning it, and you agree to refund my money if I am not with the results in every way. I am to be the

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City..... State.....

If you wish, you may send money with co

Gray hair restored to its natural color

**Easiest & safest way
Surest & quickest way**

LOTUS positively brings back the right color of your hair—quickly. More than that—**LOTUS** improves the hair and keeps it natural looking, glossy and fluffy always. That's where **LOTUS** differs from anything else. **LOTUS** wipes away grey streaks at once. Results are lasting, safe and sure. **LOTUS** contains no poisons. Thousands say it's a miracle. Prove it yourself. No risk or expense. Send coupon NOW and receive by return mail Free bottle of **Lotus** and application comb.



**LOTUS CO., 20 Clinton St., Newark, N. J.
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Name
Full
Address
Color of Hair Wanted.....
Positively no charge for this bottle

Quick Bunion Relief —Try It Free—

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have proved it to thousands of others in the last six months. I claim to have a positive relief for bunion pains, and I want you to try it free—at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disheartened you feel with them all—you have not tried Fairyfoot, and I have such confidence in it that I want you to send me your name and address and I will send you a 1 days' trial free and a full size \$1 package C. O. D. It is a simple home method which relieves you quickly of all pain and subdues all soreness and all inflammation. I know it will do all this and I want you to try "Fairyfoot" at my risk. Money back if not satisfied. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this magazine again. Just send name and address. Write today.



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U.S. PORTABLE TENT
Olive drab, 10 oz. water-proof canvas. Easily packed and carried, being in two sections which fasten tightly together with double buttons. Weighs approx. 7 lbs. Size 7 ft. x 5 ft. 6 in. Sold as high as \$10.00. Price \$1.45, plus 80c for packing and postage. Same tent brand new \$1.95, plus postage. Folding poles for each tent 30c extra.

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EARN MOVIE ACTING

Acting profession that pays big. Would you like now if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our 24-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude and find whether or not you are suited to take up acting. An instructive and valuable work. Send or stamps today. A Large Interesting, Illustrated let on Movie Acting Included FREE.

Film Information Bureau, Station 5
JACKSON, MICH.

My Trip Abroad

(Continued from Page 56.)

Huxton, the old Britannia Huxton, I, rather reluctantly.

There is a glaring moving picture palace. What a pity. I resent its obtrusion. We go along toward the East Indian docks—to Shadwell, and I am feeling creepy with the horror of his stories of Shadwell. I could hear a child screaming behind a shuttered window and I wondered and imagined, but we did not stop anywhere.

We meandered along with just an occasional gesture from him, all that was necessary to make his point. To Stanhope Road and Highgate, Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, Ratcliffe, Soho, Nottingdale and Camden town.

And through it all I have the feeling that things trivial, portentous, beautiful, sordid, cringing, glorious, simple, epochal, hateful, lovable things, are happening behind closed doors. I people all those shacks with girls, boys, murders, shrieks, life, beauty.

AS we go back to Highgate we talk of life in the world outside this adventurous Utopia. He tells me that he has never been outside of London, not even to Paris. This is very curious to me, but it doesn't seem so as he says it. He tells me of another book that he has ready and of a play that he is working on for early production. We talked until 3 in the morning and I went back to my hotel with the same sort of feelings that I had at 12 when I sat up all night reading Stevenson's *Treasure Island*.

The next day I did some shopping, going through the Burlington Arcade, where I was measured for boots. How different is shopping here. A graceful ceremony that is pleasing, even to a man. The sole advertisement I see in the shop is "Patrons to his majesty." It is all said in that one phrase.

And the same methods have been in vogue at this bootmaker's for centuries. My foot is placed on a piece of paper and the outline drawn. Then measurements are taken of the instep, ankle and calf, as I want riding boots. Old-fashioned they will probably continue until the end of time, yet somehow I sort of felt that if that old shop had a tongue to put in its cheek, there it would be parked, because tradition, as an aid to the cash register, is no novelty.

In the evening I dined at the Embassy club with "Sonny" and was made an honorary member of the club.

It is amazing how much Europe is aping America, particularly with its dance music. In cafes you hear all the popular airs that are being played on Broadway. The American influence has been felt to such an extent that King Jazz is a universal potentate. Sonny and I go to the theatre and see a part of the *League of Nations*, but we leave early and I run in to say "hello" to Constance Collier, who is playing in London.

The next day is exciting. Through the invitation of a third party I am to meet H. G. Wells at Stoll's office to view the first showing of Wells' picture, *Mr. Kipps*.

In the morning the telephone rings and I hear some one in the parlor say that the Prince of Wales is calling. I get in a blue funk, as does every one else in the apartment, and I hear them rush toward the phone. But Ed Knobloch, claiming to be versed in the proper method of handling

such a situation, convinces every one that he is the one to do the talking and I relapse back into bed, but wider awake than I ever was in my life.

Knobloch on the phone:

"Are you there?"—"Yes—Oh, yes—to-night"—"Thank you."

KNOBLOCH, turning from the phone, announces very formally: "The Prince of Wales wishes Charlie to dine with him tonight," and he starts toward my bedroom door. (Through all of this I have been in the bedroom and the others are in the parlor confident, with the confidence of custom, that I am still asleep.)

As Knobloch starts for my bedroom door my very American secretary, in the very routine voice he has trained for such occurrences, says:

"Don't wake him. Tell him to call later. Not before 2 o'clock."

Knobloch—"Good God, man, this is the Prince of Wales," and he launches into a monologue regarding the traditions of England and the customs of court and what a momentous occasion this is, contemptuously observing that I am in bed and my secretary wants him to tell the prince to call later! He cannot get the American viewpoint.

Knobloch's sincere indignation wins and the secretary backs away from the bedroom as I plunge under the covers and feign sleep. Knobloch comes in very dignified and, trying to keep his voice in the most casual tone, announces: "Keep tonight open to dine with the Prince of Wales."

I try to enter into it properly, but I feel rather stiff, so early in the morning. I try to remonstrate with him for having made the engagement. I have another engagement with H. G. Wells; but I am thrilled at the thought of dining with the prince in Buckingham Palace. I can't do it. What must I do?

Knobloch takes me in hand. He repeats the message. I think some one is spoofing and tell him so. I am very suspicious and the thrill leaves me as I remember that the prince is in Scotland shooting. How could he get back?

But Knobloch is practical. This must go through. And I think he is a bit sore at me for my lack of appreciation. He would go to the palace himself and find out everything. He goes to the palace to verify.

I can't tell his part of it. He was very vague, but I gathered that when he reached there he found all the furniture under covers and I can hear that butler now saying:

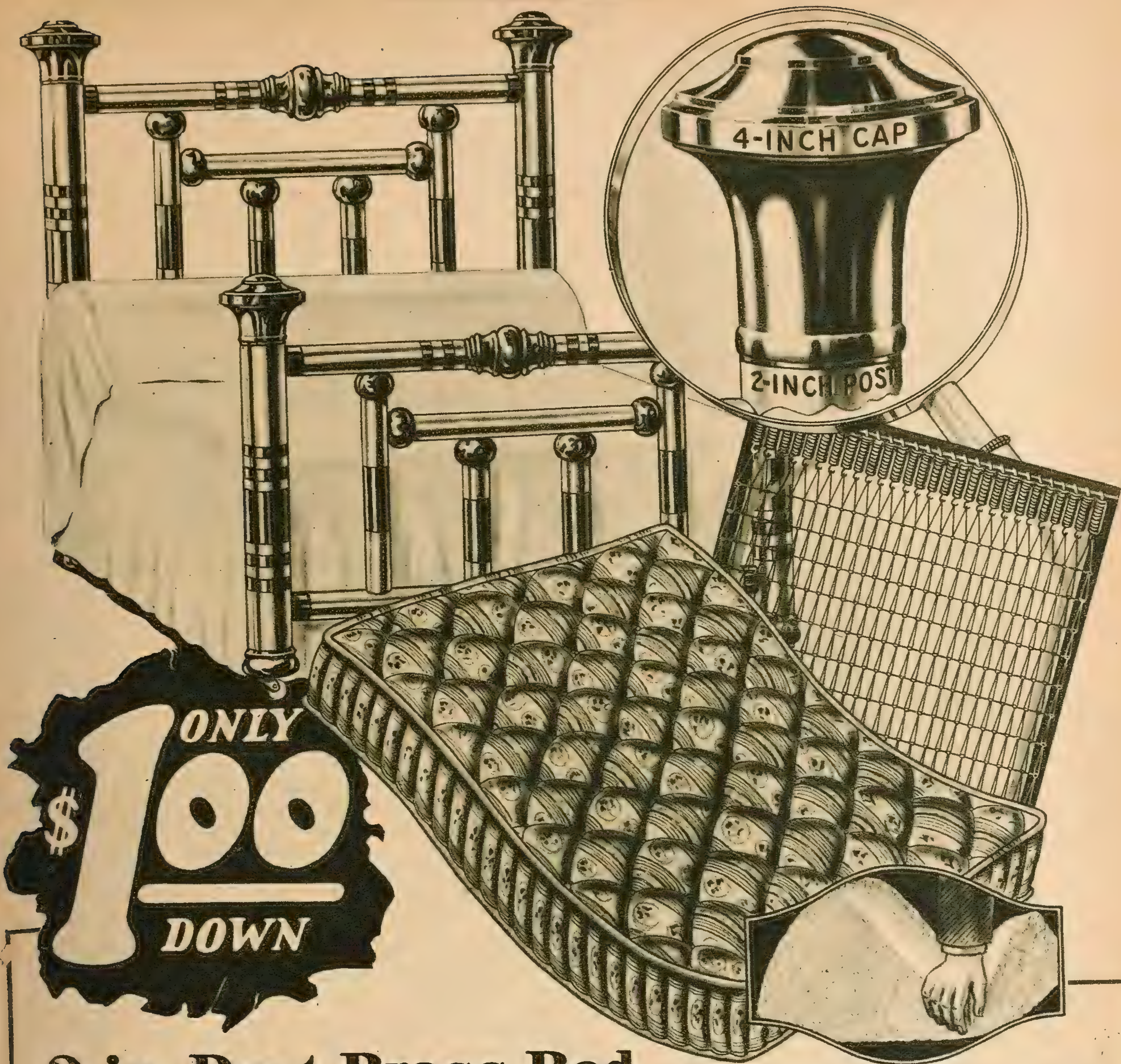
"His highness, the prince, will not be back for several days, sir."

Poor Ed. It was quite a blow for him, and, on the level, I was a bit disappointed myself.

But I lost no time mooning over my lost chance to dine with royalty, for that afternoon I was going to meet Wells. Going to Stoll's, I was eagerly looking forward to a quiet little party where I could get off somewhere with Wells and have a long talk.

AS I drew near the offices, however, I noticed crowds, the same sort of crowds that I had been dodging since my exit from Los Angeles. It was a dense mass of humanity packed around the en-

(Continued on Page 60.)



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My Trip Abroad

(Continued from Page 58.)

tire front of the building, waiting for something that had been promised them. And then I knew that it was an arranged affair, and that, so far as a chat was concerned, Wells and I were just among those present, even though we were the guests of honor.

I remember keenly the crush in the elevator, a tiny little affair built for about six people and carrying nearer sixty. I get the viewpoint of a sardine, quite easily. Upstairs it is not so bad, and I am swept into a room where there are only a few people and the door is then closed. I look all around, trying to spot Wells. There he is.

I notice his beautiful, dark blue eyes first. Keen and kindly they are twinkling just now as though he were inwardly smiling, perhaps at my very apparent embarrassment.

Before we can get together, however, there comes forward the camera brigade with their flashlight ammunition. Would we pose together? Wells looks hopeless. I must show that before cameras I am very much of a person, and I take the initiative with the lens peepers.

We are photoed, sitting, standing, hats on and off and in every other stereotyped position known to camera men.

We sign a number of photos. I in my large, sweeping, sprawling hand—I remember handling the pen in a dashing, swashbuckling manner—then Wells, in his small, hardly discernible style. I am very conscious of this difference, and I feel as though I had started to sing aloud before a group of grand opera stars.

Then there is a quick sketch artist, for whom we pose. He does his work rapidly, however, and while he is drawing Wells leans over and whispers in my ear.

"We are the goats," he tells me. "I was invited here to meet you and you were probably invited here to meet me."

He had called the turn perfectly, and when we both accepted the invitation our double acceptance had been used to make the showing an important event. I don't think that Wells liked it.

Wells and I go into the dark projection room and I sit with Wells. I feel on my mettle almost immediately, sitting at his side, and I feel rather glad that we are spending our first moments in an atmosphere where I am at home. In his presence I feel critical and analytical and I decide to tell the truth about the picture at all costs. I feel that Wells would do the same thing about one of mine.

AS the picture is reeling off, I whisper to him my likes and dislikes, principally the faulty photography, though occasionally I detect bad direction. Wells remains perfectly silent and I begin to feel that I am not breaking the ice. It is impossible to get acquainted under these conditions. Thank God, I can keep silent, because there is the picture to watch and that saves the day.

Then Wells whispers: "Don't you think the boy is good?"

The boy in question is right here on the other side of me, watching his first picture. I look at him. Just starting out on a new career, vibrant with ambition, eager to make good, and his first attempt being shown before such an audience. As I watch he is almost in tears, nervous and anxious.

The picture ends. There is a mob clustering about. Directors and officials look at me. They want my opinion of the pic-

ture. I shall be truthful. Shall I criticize? Wells nudges me and whispers: "Say something nice about the boy." And I look at the boy and see what Wells has already seen and then I say the nice things about him. Wells' kindness and consideration mean so much more than a mere picture.

Wells is leaving and we are to meet for dinner, and I am left alone to work my way through the crush to the taxi and back to the hotel, where I snatch a bit of a nap. I want to be in form for Wells.

There comes a little message from Wells:

"Don't forget the dinner. You can wrap up in a cloak if you deem it advisable and slip in about 7:30 and we can dine in peace.

"H. G. WELLS,
"Whitehall Court, Entrance 4."

WE talk of Russia and I find no embarrassment in airing my views, but I soon find myself merely the questioner. Wells talks, and, though he sees with the vision of a dreamer, he brings to his views the practical. As he talks he appears very much like an American. He seems very young and full of "pep."

There is the general feeling that conditions will right themselves in some way. Organization is needed, he says, and is just as important as disarmament. Education is the only salvation, not only of Russia, but of the rest of the world. Socialism of the right sort will come through proper education.

We discuss my prospects of getting into Russia. I want to see it. Wells tells me that I am at the wrong time of the year, that the cold weather coming on would make the trip most inadvisable.

I talk about going to Spain and he seems surprised to hear that I want to see a bull fight. He asks "why?"

I don't know, except that there is something so nakedly elemental about it. There is a picturesque technique about it that must appeal to any artist. Perhaps Frank Harris' "Matador" gave me the impulse, together with my perpetual quest for a new experience. He says it is too cruel to the horses.

I relax as the evening goes on and I find that I am liking him even more than I expected. About midnight we go out on a balcony just off his library and in the lights of a full moon we get a gorgeous view of London. Lying before us in the soft, mellow rays of the moon London looks as though human, and I feel that we are rather in the Peeping Tom role.

I exclaim: "The indecent moon."

He picks me up. "That's good. Where did you get that?"

I have to admit that it is not original—that it belongs to Knobloch.

Wells comments on my dapperness as he helps me on with my coat. "I see you have a cane with you." I was also wearing a silk hat. I wonder what Los Angeles and Hollywood would say if I paraded there in this costume?

WELLS tries on my hat, then takes my cane and twirls it. The effect is ridiculous, especially as just at the moment I notice two volumes of the *Outline of History* on his table.

Strutting stagily, he chants, "You're quite the fellow, doncher know." We both laugh. Another virtue for Wells. He's human.

I try to explain my dress. Tell him
(Continued on Page 61.)

My Trip Abroad

(Continued from Page 60.)

that it is my other self, a reaction from the everyday Chaplin. I have always desired to look natty and I have spurts of primness. Everything about me and my work is so sensational that I must get reaction. My dress is a part of it. I feel that it is a poor explanation of the paradox, but Wells thinks otherwise.

He says I notice things. That I am an observer and an analyst. I am pleased. I tell him that the only way I notice things is on the run. Whatever keenness of perception I have is momentary, fleeting. I observe all in ten minutes or not at all.

What a pleasant evening it is. But as I walk along toward the hotel, I feel that I have not met Wells, yet.

And I am going to have another opportunity. I am going to have a week-end with him at his home in Easton, a week-end without publicity, a week-end with Wells at home, with just his family. That alone is worth the entire trip from Los Angeles to Europe.

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The Love Pirate

(Continued from Page 40.)

I shall leave you for a time."

"My friends—"

"Will not get here, I think. If they do—we will be gone. Indeed, I am setting out for—elsewhere—within a few hours. I shall take my little yacht, the *Stingaree*, and leave the *Wasp* with Captain Hansen and his men—and yourself aboard. Miss Shelby shall accompany me."

"Why, you damned—pirate—!" gasped Truesdale. "I'd like to choke you—"

"Think it over, senor," answered the other imperturbably, and with a bow left the cabin.

Vera did not return. The actor lay in a mental turmoil, wondering what would really happen, when, just as the sun began to throw its horizontal rays into the cabin through the partly shuttered window, indicating that the afternoon was waning, there was a sudden commotion outside. Several shots were fired. And presently the face of Goff appeared at the window. In his teeth he held a long dirk knife and as he clambered through Truesdale wondered if his last hour had come. But instead, the half-wit cut his bonds and beckoning to him to follow, slipped back through the window.

Truesdale, as rapidly as his stiffened limbs would allow, followed. And there, in the little harbor, a strange sight met his gaze!

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Opie Read Visits the Set

(Continued from Page 37.)

on, past a twenty-foot room devoted to "Wigs Only," to the wardrobe where hundreds of coats of mail, shields, helmets, and robes of ladies-in-waiting and of peasants' costumes hung in long, long rows—or were piled in sections labeled "Sheriff's Men," "Lance Bearers," etc.

Opie Read stopped to admire the heavy swords, stacked near the door. "You know," he exclaimed, "these are fine—fine. The stage had nothing *real*—wooden daggers, tin armor. This is art.

"You are creating a beautiful thing—the screen is a wonderful, wonderful medium. Think what it would mean to us today to have pictures of historical events.

"After all, only those nations that have loved and studied art have given us the things most worth while in life. The Athenians were the greatest. You know the story about Solomon and the blacksmith. Solomon had a great banquet. Far down the table sat the blacksmith. Solomon sent for him and said, "What are you? What do you do?" And the smith said, as he showed him his roughened hands, "I am a blacksmith. I work with metals." And Solomon said, "Place him by me—he does things worth while."

"Now a blacksmith would not have had a place of honor in Athens."

We were back on the lot and crossing Doug's out-door gym, where his chief pastime lately has been archery.

Allan Dwan called for the Earl of Huntingdon, and he reluctantly said goodbye to the Reads. As we went to their car Opie Read said, simply:

"This will be a wonderful picture. I have been in many studios; I've met many stars, but I have never met a more wholesome personality. I have never been anywhere that I have felt as much at home as in this place. Why, he hasn't a bit of vanity; the simplicity of his nature shows the real lover of Art. You know, I have always found, in meeting famous people, that the truly great ones are marked by an utter simplicity of manner.

"There is such a wholesome atmosphere here of strong moral *health*! I like the people he has around him. He is sincerely searching for Truth—searching for Truth—the creed of Art is beauty and truth. Art is simply discovering a mood of nature and reproducing it. They have done it here! I do not know when I have enjoyed myself so much! Wish I did not have to go!"

But he *had* to go. When a man is in such demand that he lectures every night, and spends half his days being entertained by other famous people, as does Opie Read, why he just has to sacrifice some of his pleasures!

Back in the studio—save for the voice, I thought for a moment I was listening again to Opie Read! For the voice was saying:

"Gee, that's a *man*. I wish I could have had more time with him! Did you ever see such simplicity of manner and such a delightful personality? No wonder I always enjoy his books! Wish I could hear him talk tonight. Did you hear what he said—?"



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The Same Little Tess

(Continued from Page 47.)

on the beach in a few rags, barefooted. I'd run in the spray until Mother was frantic about me—but I actually gained and grew strong!

"Then came that terrible rain storm, when people were drowned on the streets of Los Angeles. Why we had a house on St. Andrews, and somebody left a coupe parked on the street at our corner. Three days it poured—we were marooned—and that car was covered the water was so deep!

"Mr. Porter had brought this book over to me and said he thought it would make a wonderful picture. But I was tired of grimy-ragged heroines, and I said No—I would NOT do it!"

Laughter danced in her hazel eyes—

"Temperamental! O, I knew *everything* those days! I had no money in the bank" (roguish pursed lips) "but had *lots* of temperament!

"So I said NO!

"Now, Murry," Mr. Porter always called me *Murry*, "you just keep this book and read it—you *will* like it I know," he said.

"So, I did—and I've learned to respect his judgment now—I did like it, and I called him up the next day and apologized—and agreed to make Tess!"

SHE studied the sets built on this lovely lake—sets that might have been brought from a fishing village on Cayuga Lake itself and dropped on this sunny shore.

"Aren't they wonderful?" she cried, "just a marvel of tumble-down, rickety old clapboard shacks! We scoured the country for really old, weather-seasoned boards.

"When we made Tess before we used the old Japanese fishing village above Santa Monica! And we had—well, not over six interiors! We built Teola's room, and the kitchen, and the court room and the church interior. But for the exteriors we used a little house at the top of Angel's Flight—no, Court's Flight, it was—above Hill street at First."

Laughter crept into the tones of her clear voice. "We used one side of that house for the court house—then we sprinkled a little *salt* before the door on the other side, for the church!"

She laughed gaily and pointed up a hillside where an imposing colonnade marked a terraced pergola.

"Nothing like that then."

"Why, we *never* had a re-take! We didn't know the meaning of dailies! We never even *saw* a single shot of the picture we were making! Each day the film was shipped to New York to be developed, as fast as we made it! I did not see Tess until long after it had been released in the East. We had to go to Tally's Broadway theater to see it!

"The first Tess could not have cost over eight thousand dollars. We paid fifty thousand just to buy back all the rights before we began to shoot this! We're going to make a beautiful picture of this.—I hope people will love it as much as I do.

"You like this setting and these shacks? So do I. I don't know what we'll do with all *this*—we'll clear it all off and leave the place in order. I suppose the shacks will make a grand bonfire—all except this one, my dressing room. It is quite complete, with even a bath tub. We'll haul it down the valley and give it to a very, very poor family we found living in a dry-goods box!"

"Ready for you, Miss Pickford—"

"Yes, Mr. Robertson—coming!"



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Little Hints for Playgoers

(Continued from page 43)

NANOOK OF THE NORTH (Pathe)

—That a picture could be both vivid and compelling, though devoid of plot, we didn't think probable on the screen—but yet the probable has become possible in this unusual feature picturization of the life and habits of the Eskimos. It holds because it is a slice of life itself. We particularly recommend this to pessimistic and disgruntled people.

THE DEVIL'S PAWN (Paramount)

—Pola Negri's volcanic personality and dramatic artistry saves this picture from being preserved in the refrigerator for another decade. She at least is always interesting and refreshing. Possibly because her superb pantomime stands out among a galaxy of solo expressions.

THE STORM (Universal)—This is the stuff that goes strong: A corking good story centering around two men and a maid (alone in the Canadian wilds) plenty of plausible action—both physical and otherwise—and excellent acting, with Matt Moore, House Peters and Virginia Valli bowing their best. Should take the movie public by storm!

THE MAN UNDER COVER (Universal)—Written by a "lifer" in a penitentiary, the story has to do with crooks and bunko oil wells—but Herb Rawlinson wears his dimples, so we can stand the melodrammer.

IRON TO GOLD (Fox)—Dustin Farnum proves that the old hokum can get by—when a real actor and not a collar-ad hero plays it.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (Fox)—Dumas' old, old romantic classic visualized in pictorial drama. Character delineations are brilliantly subtle, though John Gilbert is a bit lacking in the finesse that the role demands.

SILVER WINGS (Fox Special)—Mary Carr is a splendid actress and she can interpret mother roles as perhaps few can. But that is no reason why she should be supplied with trite mother-love stories, which depend solely on her characterization for putting the thing over.



Reduce Your Double Chin While You Sleep

YOU don't need to have a double chin—now or later on. The sagging flesh and the drooping mouth-lines that go with it are easily corrected. And away go seeming years of age!

The Davis Chin Strap is worn by thousands of women every night. While they sleep, it stops mouth-breathing, which may seriously injure the teeth and larynx, and it quickly moulds back an over-heavy chin to the ideal proportions of earlier days.

Many accepted methods of flesh-reducing, such as exercise and massage, are ineffective or prove very slow in reducing double chin. Pressure equally and locally applied to the muscles and flesh of the lower face prove most efficacious. This necessary pressure is properly applied only by the Davis Chin Strap.

While the Davis Strap has been used largely by women and girls, it may also be worn with great benefit by children. It corrects unhygienic mouth-breathing and frequently saves children from having to undergo expensive operation on their teeth, nose, ears and throat.

Many physicians regularly recommend its use.

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Beauty parlors and dealers
Write for our special proposition.

Do You Know Any Movie Game?

Here are more clever and amusing movie games to lend jollity to your mid-summer parties.

If you have a pet movie game that is different from the ones already printed, send it in to the Movie Game editor. For every one amusing enough to be printed, the lucky sender will receive SCREENLAND free for one year.

FROM WINIFRED CHURCHILL,
Hollywood, Cal.

This is the old favorite *Consequences*, with a new movie twist. Each guest should be given a paper looking like this:

- 1—Met
- 2—Where
- 3—He said to her
- 4—She said to him
- 5—The consequence was
- 6—

Each player writes the name of a male film star on the first blank line, folds down the paper so that the name is hidden, and passes it on to the next person to the left. The procedure is repeated, using the name of a photoplay in each of lines 3, 4, 5 and 6. Then the papers are collected and read. One such paper written at a party recently read this way:

Wallace Reid met Bebe Daniels on A Trip to Paradise. He said to her, Come On Over. She said to him, Watch Your Step. And the consequence was A Fool's Paradise.

FROM HELEN KING,
Ronan, Mont.

An amusing game is played by passing to the guests a paper containing a verse with blank spaces to be filled in with a name of a movie star in each instance. For instance:

He sat and dreamed in the moon beams so (White);
He sat and dreamed the whole of the night,

'Till the first bright (Ray) changed the grays and blue
Of the skies to the most gorgeous (Hughes).

Why dreams he through the whole night there?

He dreams of his (Castle) in the air.

He dreams of (Love) in a cottage for two,
And so is happy the long night through.

He'd lost his (Hart) the day before this

Down by the (Lake) to a (Sweet) little miss;

They meet the (Chaplin) to-day; so "Oh, Boy!"

That's why he hailed the new dawn with such (Joy).

FROM PAULINE G. UNGAR,
Cincinnati, O.

Movie charades are interesting and amusing. The hostess chooses two or more guests to act out the name of some star or photoplay. Fairbanks, Pickford, Washburn can be acted out easily. Each couple or group act out a name in turn and the group that guess the most names wins the prize.



Are You a Motion Picture Fan?

Then join Screenland's Fan Contest—Guess the Names of Fourteen Screen Plays.



A hint: Mary Miles Minter and Norma Talmadge are two of the stars in the fourteen screen plays that fit the blanks in the Fan Contest.

1st Prize \$25; 2nd Prize \$10; 3rd Prize \$5
THIRTY MORE PRIZES!

The first correct list of screen plays to fill the blanks in the charade will receive the capital prize of \$25. The next ten correct lists will receive a full year's subscription to SCREENLAND for the \$1 sent for the special contest offer of five issues. The next nearest correct list, first received, will win the second prize of \$10 and the following ten next nearest correct lists will get one full year's subscription for the \$1 sent. The third prize of \$5 will be given to the third best list of screen plays, first received, and the ten third best ones received afterward will be given one year's subscription (12 issues) for the \$1 contest subscription. In case of ties, full prize awards will be given each tying contestant. The contest is a short one! It will end on August 15 and the list of prize winners will be announced in SCREENLAND for October. Send your list now and win the capital prize.

The Charade

Once upon a time a gay young chorus girl named danced right into the unsophisticated heart of a shy young fellow who was sitting in a box. He was so very timid that everybody called him, but when he saw his divinity dance across the stage in her dainty slippers with high, he felt as if he were looking into Paradise. His friends all said, but nevertheless he waited until she came out. By this time he had fallen in love. So he proposed, saying "I'm afraid," said she. "Why?" he asked,? They decided to get some expert advice on the subject of marriage, so they went to That great authority said to the girl, "You should no longer be You need romance, and after all, marriage is And so they were married and went the years together.

HOW TO ENTER THE FAN CONTEST.

Supply the names of fourteen recent screen plays for the blanks in the above charade. Clip the charade and attach it to your list, on which are the names of the plays you have selected, numbered in the order of their sequence. Then fill out the coupon below and send it to "Fan Contest Editor, Screenland, Hollywood, California," with one dollar (a dollar bill is the most convenient form of money to mail) for the next five issues of SCREENLAND.

(COUPON)

Fan Contest Editor, Screenland, Hollywood, California:

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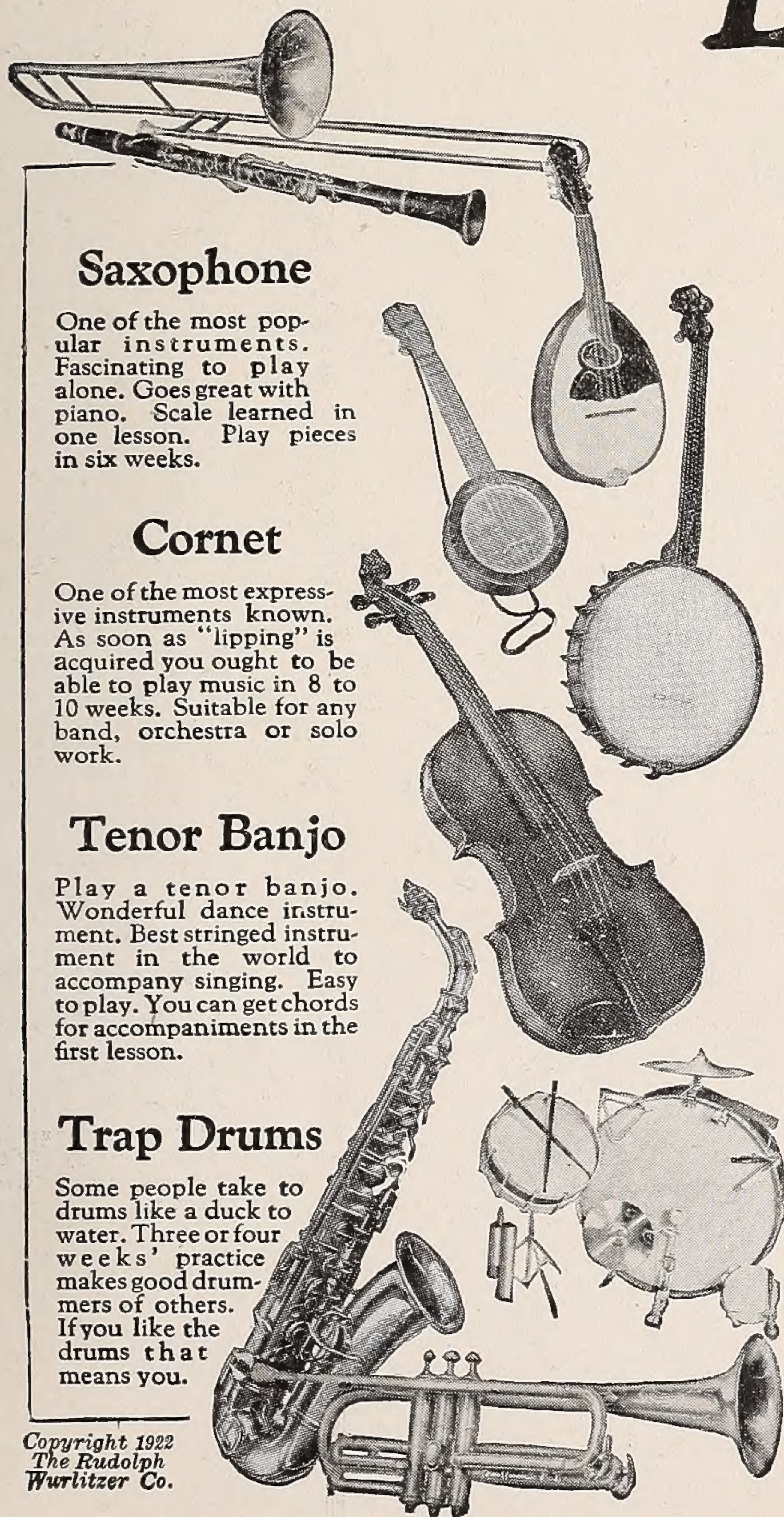


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Could You Write a Story Like This?

Could you recognize the vital dramatic situation in this scene—and write a scenario about it?

It is a scene from the Rex Ingram Production (Metro Pictures Corporation), "The Conquering Power." A great drama built up from a commonplace story. Situations like this are taking place around you every day. Right in your own street, in the house next door, in your home, a great drama is being lived.

Why can't you build a plot around it? The successful photodramatists use the simplest themes; the biggest pictures are built around trivial incidents of everyday life. The successful screen writers are men and women who see the dramatic value of everyday occurrences. A few years ago these men and women were receiving ordinary salaries for doing humble tasks. Now their incomes are thousands and tens of thousands of dollars yearly.

Producers Want Your Stories

Producers are anxious for stories. Leaders in the film industry are encouraging new screen writers. The handful of photodramatists writing today cannot fill the demand. Without stories, the photoplay industry cannot exist. The producers *cannot* get enough good scenarios.

Just a few years ago an author was glad to get \$15 for a motion picture scenario.

Today the average price paid for a plot synopsis is \$1,500.

Not Skilled Writers—Just Ordinary Men and Women

The successful novelist or short story writer has definitely failed in the motion picture field. Newly trained photodrama-

Have You Creative Imagination?

Do you dream—day dream—make up fascinating stories about strange adventures and queer places and interesting people?

Don't you sometimes think that you could have improved the plot of a book or photoplay, or written a more interesting story around its characters?

Do you get ideas from every-day incidents and trivial adventures? Haven't you an overwhelming desire to express these dreams which you must suppress and because they seem flat and stale when you write them down?

If you have experienced such feelings, you possess creative imagination, the first requisite of a photodramatist. Do not waste this splendid talent. You can transform your ideas into scenarios, satisfy your desire for expression and gain a rich financial reward.

tists have written and conceived the plots that have been developed into the most successful feature photoplays. For the most part the men and women who are supplying the stories were, just a few years ago, teachers, clerks, housewives, farmers, office employees.

You do not need literary ability. The producers do not want fine writing. They want plots—strong, dramatic plots, written in simple synopsis form.

The Fox Plan of Photoplay Writing shows you how to write scenarios just as the producers want them.

You cannot tell at this time whether you possess the ability to write photoplays

No test or analysis could tell you, for your sense of dramatic perception is undeveloped and your conception of plot is unformed.

But it is worth finding out, certainly. For if you *want* to write stories—if in your day dreams, you make up tales, even tales about yourself—you are *creating*. And remember, it does not take fine writing, just the instinct to create and a knowledge of photoplay construction.

Send for Free Book

In a beautifully illustrated, 32-page book, the Fox Plan is completely outlined for you. It tells all about your opportunities as a scenario writer. It tells about the great Fox Photoplay Institute backed by motion picture leaders. It shows you what kind of ideas the producers want and how to prepare them for screen use. This book is FREE if you are interested in photoplay writing. Send the coupon today.



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